HOW TYPISTS ARE TEMPTED (See Inside)

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£2,000 Free Insurance.

No. 1202.] REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. WEEK ENDING JULY 26, 1913. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

Iron 'Jelloids'

For ANÆMIA

DR. ANDREW WILSON writes :—
"Concerning Anæmia in Women."
"It can definitely be stated that Iron "'Jelloids' constitute the most effective "and desirable treatment for Anæmia "or Poorness of Blood. The sufferer "is able to take Iron 'Jelloids' without "danger, even with pleasure, and with "the sure knowledge that benefit will "accrue," and
Re "Men and Tonics."
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For Men, Women, and Children

"I am pleased to say I am perfectly well"

(See below.)

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PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 1202. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JULY 26, 1913. ONE PENNY.

VERY SHY.

SHE was shopping, and was newly-married, although she did her utmost to conceal the fact.

But in one of the shops, when asked the address for some goods to be sent 'along, she absent-mindedly forgot that she was Mrs. Taylor, and gave her maiden name—"Miss Violet Jenkins, Clarence Hotel, Hyde."

Not till she was outside did the sad truth dawn upon her that she had made a hopeless error. How could it be explained away?

She thought furiously for a few seconds, then, in her best manner, re-entered the shop and sailed up to the man who had served her.

"Yes, madam?"

"Er—that parcel for Miss Jenkins—mark it 'care of Mrs. Taylor,' will you please? Thank you!"

Little Tommy: "They don't 'ave rain in 'eaven, does they?"

Tommy's Friend: "Course they does, silly! That's where it's a-comin' from, ain't it?"

Florence: "You've got a new baby at your house, Berty, haven't you?"

Berty: "Yes, we have."

Florence: "What's he like?"

Berty: "Beastly! Clean-shaven little beggar."

Ethel: "Dear, you should be careful not to offend that young man."

Ernest: "Offend him! Why, I merely said, 'I wish you many happy returns.' It's his birthday, you know."

Ethel: "Yes; but he is sensitive on returns. He is a poet."

She (effusively): "How nice it is to have met you again after all these years, my dear Captain Swayman."

He: "*Major* now! That was ten years ago, you know."

She (still more effusively): "How time flies! Well, congratulations and good-bye. *I hope you'll be a General* when next we meet."

The Invalid (in bed, who has nearly been killed in a drunken brawl): "Yes, sir; 'e 'it me right on the 'ead with a chair."

The Vicar: "Well, I trust you will make up your mind to forgive him—in case you do not recover."

The Invalid: "Oh, yes; I'll forgive him if I die. But if I git about agen—he'd better look out."

"WHAT became of you last night, Mopsom?"

"I spent the night with you, old chap."

UNCALLED FOR.

To be strictly accurate it was not a smoking compartment at all, but the youth was puffing away at a chubby briar pipe, despite the pained expression on the old lady's face.

By and by the old lady, who was the only other occupant of the carriage, began to get excited.

"Young man," she barked, so far as her coughing would permit her, "do you know that it's wrong to smoke?"

"Well," replied the lad, as he enveloped the old party in a wreath of pungent smoke, "I use tobacco for my health."

"Health!" ejaculated the victim, in spluttering tones. "Nonsense! You never heard of anyone being cured by smoking."

"Yes, I have," declared the youth, still puffing away like a furnace chimney. "That's the way they cure pigs."

"Then smoke away," cried the heroine of the story. "There may be hope for you yet!"

NO SALE.

A HORSE-OWNER was trying to sell a wind-broken horse, and was trotting around with him for inspection. The owner stroked the horse's back, and remarked to the prospective buyer:

"Hasn't he a lovely coat?"

But the other noticed that the horse was panting, and answered:

"Ah, I like his coat all right, but I don't like his pants."

Mr. Youngstork (to the servant cleaning window in which hangs a "To Be Let" notice): "Ahem! And are you to be let with them, my dear?"

Jane: "No, I'm not! I'm to be let alone."

Customer: "Do you keep fountain pens?"

Over Smart Shopman: "No, sir; we sell them."

Customer: "Not always. You will keep the one you might have sold me but for being too smart. Good-day, sir."

PAT'S FIRST CASE.

Pat (a raw policeman): "Indade, this is a sayrious case. The spalpeen has broken the window on both sides, and it's lucky that ye have the brick as evidence."

GOOD BUSINESS.

"WHAT was the best job you ever did?" inquired the first barber.

"I once shaved a man," replied the second barber.

"Go on."

"Then I persuaded him to have a hair-cut, shampoo, facial massage, singe, sea-foam, electric buzz, tar-spray, and tonic rub."

"What then?"

"By that time he needed another shave."

"ACCORDING to this magazine," said Mrs. Pincher, "sliced onions scattered about a room will absorb the odour of fresh paint."

"I suppose that's right," rejoined Pincher. "Likewise, a broken neck will relieve a man of catarrh!"

"WHAT'S that you have in your hand?" asked Mrs. Parker, of her husband, as he brought home a roll of manuscript.

"Brains, my dear," retorted Mr. Parker pompously. "Are you surprised at the fact?"

"Not in the least," she replied. "I knew you didn't carry them in your head."

SIMPLY A GRINDSTONE.

THE boarding-house was one frequented by locomotive drivers and firemen, but there was one boarder not connected with the railway company. He happened to be an engineer, and the boastful bragging of the engine-drivers as to their speed and so on got on his nerves.

After a time the engineer became tired of hearing of the feats of train-driving, and one night he broke into the usual conversation.

"I went over and saw a new machine we've got at our place," he remarked, "and it's astonishing how it works."

"And how does it work?" asked a pompous express-driver.

"Well, by means of a pedal attachment, a fulcrumed lever converts a vertical reciprocating motion into a circular movement. The principal part of the machine is a huge disc that revolves in a vertical plane.

"Power is applied through the axis of the disc, and work is done on the periphery, and the hardest steel, by mere impact, may be reduced to any shape."

"And what is this wonderful machine?" asked the driver.

"A grindstone!" came the reply.

A PATTERN LIFE.

"THIS assault on the witness's character is impossible to verify, because she is a dressmaker."

"What has that to do with it?"

"A dressmaker is naturally obliged to live a pattern life."

"I'M delighted at the interest that child of mine takes in his handwriting," remarked proud papa. "He used to be careless about it, but I'm getting him trained now."

"That's fine—and remarkable. What's your system?"

"I told him to write out a list of everything he wanted for his birthday present. That was six days ago, and that kid is still at it."

Dismal Old Lady: "I don't suppose I shall ever want another pair of shoes, Mr. Tyler."

Smart Shopman: "I 'ope you'll wear out a lot more shoe-leather yet, mum."

Dismal Old Lady: "Ah, but I've one foot in the grave already."

Smart Shopman: "Most 'appy to sell you a single boot, mum."

THE father was telling his little girl that she had a brand-new baby sister. "Oh, papa," she exclaimed, "may I be the first to tell mamma!"

Nurse: "I lost track of the child, mum, and——"

"Goodness gracious! Why didn't you speak to a policeman?"

Nurse: "I was speaking to wan all the toime, mum."

THEN HE WENT TO SLEEP.

MRS. POPKINS was constantly reminding her husband that she owned the silver, that she owned the furniture, and the piano was her own private property, and so on until poor Popkins began to wonder what she'd claim next.

The other night Mrs. P. woke in alarm. Strange sounds were heard in the lower parts of the house, and quickly rousing her husband, she cried:

"John! John! Get up! There are burglars in the house!"

"Eh?" inquired Mr. Popkins, rubbing his eyes.

"Burglars downstairs!" repeated Mrs. P.

"Burglars?" said Popkins, as he turned over. "Well, you do the worrying. I don't own anything."

By Hook or by Crookery Purchase HOME COOKERY.

Loot

The Story of a Suffragette Plot.

By DORAN G. KERRIE

Mr. Gossiker, mild gentleman, was welcomed by the Suffrage party with enthusiasm. Converts the Militants made by the score, but few so gentle, so eminently respectable, so—wealthy and generous. Yet one had but to look at the rapt eyes behind the gold spectacles, to know him for a dreamer of dreams.

Sometimes the dreams were startlingly business-like, at others hopelessly and wildly impracticable. His great trouble was incurable lameness, which precluded his taking an active part in the Militant Campaign.

But even this, as Mrs. Kenrud pointed out to him, possessed its advantages. The fact of his being unknown to the police and general public as a worker for the Cause, rendered him invaluable as an assistant in various plots and counterplots.

Mrs. Kenrud liked him. There was something about the gentle, bent, little man, with his chivalrous, idealistic view of woman, his retiring, courteous manner, and brain teeming with wild schemes, that appealed to her by force of contrast. Before long, the militant leader found herself discussing with him every new development and proposed extension.

It was during what may almost be described as "a slump" in Suffragism, when things were slow, that Mr. Gossiker made one of his most startling suggestions. Mrs. Kenrud, roused by a newspaper attack, was holding forth in rhetoric not altogether new to her hearer, who, however, listened with his usual courtesy and patience.

"What did *men* do when they wanted their rights?" demanded Mrs. Kenrud—and answered herself. "They burnt—destroyed—pillaged——"

"It struck me to-day," Mr. Gossiker remarked gently, "that one thing they did we have never tried."

"Indeed! What is that?" inquired the lady.

"Loot," said Mr. Gossiker.

"Oh, no!" cried Mrs. Kenrud in a shocked tone. "Oh, no, no! We couldn't——"

"I do not for a moment suggest that we should," said Mr. Gossiker, with a deprecating little smile. "The idea just occurred to me. Ideas do, you know."

"But how—I don't understand——" Mrs. Kenrud's momentary shock had given way to curiosity.

"A few fires, a few broken windows—what are they?" the gentle voice went on. "Not enough to make us feared. We are numbered among the law breakers. We are outlaws, as were Robin Hood, Dick Turpin. Let us—then, rob."

An excited flush showed on Mrs. Kenrud's face. "You suggest——"

"The mob," proceeded Mr. Gossiker, "is now against us, but if there were chances of loot—why, it would worship us."

"You mean that we should—not, er, loot, ourselves—but connive at, assist, make an opening for plunder?" Mrs. Kenrud queried breathlessly.

"I have not worked it out, but I mean that, as the law is our enemy, we are justified in allying ourselves to crime, in order to bring pressure to bear," said this Anarchist, in a mild tone. "For instance, we—or rather," sorrowfully, "you—break windows. But do you take anything out of them? No. Yet, what a glorious opportunity! A few jewellers' shops——"

"The law is drastic," murmured Mrs. Kenrud, wavering in a way unusual to her. "The sentences——"

"My dear madam," Mr. Gossiker pointed out, "look at incendiarism! Our programme is to terrorise till we attain our object. What could be more alarming to our opponents than to know that private property is not safe, that we are prepared to adopt the methods of war—to 'commandeer'?"

"Have you a plan?" demanded the militant. She was accustomed to find Mr. Gossiker's ideas, once the froth had been blown off by her breezy mind, consolidate to something practical.

"Suppose we only *pretended* to do it," mused her companion dreamily. "Or supposing we did both—supposing—wait!" Clutching his brow with thin fingers, he leant his elbows on the table. Mrs. Kenrud, with unusual docility, waited for almost two minutes, then she exclaimed, eyes sparkling. "The idea grows on me! It is distinctly fascinating. We might give up the things, whatever they were, after a stated time, but inform the public that our next burglary would be in earnest."

"The main body would create a diversion," said Mr. Gossiker slowly, "while——"

"We want something big!" cried Mrs. Kenrud. "Let's work it out thoroughly—do it scientifically!"

"We will take till to-morrow for consideration," said Mr. Gossiker, reaching for his hat. The light of enthusiasm glowed behind his spectacles. "Till then, dear friend, good-bye."

Bending over Mrs. Kenrud's hand in his old-world manner, he left the militant leader to chew the cud of conspiracy. Her quick mind accustomed to the manufacture of Suffrage surprises, lent itself admirably to plans for burglary, and, meeting on the morrow, the two discussed eagerly their proposed career of crime.

Briefly, the plan was this: In Heden Street, divided only by a few other shops, were three of the biggest jewellers' shops in London. In the workroom of one of them, that belonging to Messrs. Rapsworth & Co., were being re-set the famous jewels of the Countess of Derrick, prominent amongst England's richest women.

The workroom opened out of the shop, its window looking on the backyard. By night it was closed with iron shutters, all the jewels worked upon being stowed away in a triple proof safe. But in daylight, naturally, no further protection was given than the open door into the shop, and the two jewel workers who never left the workroom together.

The back premises of these shops joined those of rows of residential flats in Courtland Avenue. One of these pleasant flats, on the ground floor opposite Messrs. Rapsworth & Co.'s yard, happened, by good luck, to be empty, and of this Mr. Gossiker took possession, giving up his comfortable house in Joynd's Square.

On a certain arranged day, Mrs. Kenrud was to enter Messrs. Rapsworth's shop and ask to inspect bracelets. Meanwhile, hundreds of Suffragettes were to mingle with the crowd in this congested street, covering in their movements a row of fourteen shops, including the three jewellers'.

As the clock struck five, smash would go the windows. But instead of waiting, as usual, to be escorted to prison more or less politely, the women were to snatch at jewels, clothing, anything they could lay their hands on, and make off with as much as possible.

It was, however, in Messrs. Rapsworth's shop that the real *coup* was to be made. As the windows crashed in, and the crowd rushed for the jewels, it was only reasonable to suppose that all hands in the jewellers' would dash to forestall them, that, in the emergency, the two jewel workers would be summoned to help them. Then——

"I have always the inglorious part, the safe, undangerous part, to play," sighed Mr. Gossiker. "Why should not *I* be the one to look at the bracelets? You'll be sent to prison while I——"

Mrs. Kenrud softened. "You, too, dear friend, if they find out," she replied.

"Ah, the Cause! How I burn to suffer for the Cause of Woman!" cried Mr. Gossiker, his pale face lit with a pure fire. "We *must* win!"

"We cannot fail. So many burglaries, which depend upon a surprise to divert attention," said Mrs. Kenrud, apparently forgetting that Mr. Gossiker had said the same thing on the previous night, "miss fire because a surprise party cannot be mustered numerous enough to be effective and disinterested enough to be sacrificed."

"Exactly!" agreed Mr. Gossiker. "If one or two persons broke the windows the jewel-workers would probably continue to jewel-work, and leave the other assistants to cope with the situation. But it is only reasonable to assume that, when *hundreds* of earnest, clamouring women are besieging the broken windows and snatching everything they can reach, it will be a case of 'all hands on deck,' and no thought for anything else. Of course, we *could* leave it at that—just a question of sheer loot."

"Ah, dear, no!" protested Mrs. Kenrud. "The spiriting away of the jewels is by far the most important thing. That shows we are capable of finesse and audacity. Probably, in the excitement, no one will notice when I slip into the workroom."

"Anyway, the chair will keep them out long enough for your purpose. The assistant's chair will just fit under the handle. The other night, Miss Godfrey, valiant girl, climbed over the wall, where I, alas, cannot go, and fixed the thin, invisible thread of black cotton where it can be reached from the window. On the ground of the yard it cannot be seen at all. You have but to open the window softly——"

Mrs. Kenrud trembled with excitement. "Oh, how I *long* for to-morrow!"

"You are a noble woman," said Mr. Gossiker, brokenly. "If only I could share the danger or lift it all from you!"

The Suffrage leader held out her hand and smiled almost tenderly. "Don't grieve!" she said. "We could not do without you." Again his lips brushed her hand.

* * * * *

On a certain warm afternoon the sun shone on a crowd of leisurely loungers along Heden Street. There was usually a crowd, but this was not the usual crowd. Even the policeman on duty, rendered suspicious by Suffragette skirmishes, became dimly and uneasily conscious of this fact. His "Move on, please!" became assiduous, insistent. Individual atoms of the crowd moved on obediently, but he was not satisfied when he returned, hesitating, to his corner. And suddenly, violently, his misgivings were realised.

"Crash! Smash!" went the hammers on the glass, and fourteen windows shivered and shattered into fragments. Screams and shouts arose as, blowing his whistle, he hurried to the scene of the fray. This exceeded his wildest anticipations. Not content with smashing the windows, the women were snatching all the valuables they could grasp, poking umbrellas through the bars of the jewellers' shops, hooking out jewels, necklaces, bracelets, with frantic haste.

It all happened in the twinkling of an eye, and the street was soon a seething mass of Suffragettes run amok, excited people trying to stay them, and eager, pushing sightseers who did their best to prevent anyone else doing anything at all.

A keen observer might have noted one rather remarkable feature. This was, that few of the women who purloined jewels retained their spoils. In the swaying agitated crowd moved, unostentatiously, several lithe, soft-footed men, who seemed to be everywhere at once, and whose hands moved so swiftly as to be invisible. And in the turmoil and confusion it was they who, unnoticed, gathered in the sheaves, though they pushed and shouted with the rest.

In Messrs. Rapsworth's all happened as had been hoped. The jewel-workers were summoned urgently from their room to protect the windows, and Mrs. Kenrud, slipping in, barred the door by fixing a chair under the handle. Then, snatching up from the table the famous jewels, she slipped them with trembling fingers into a washleather cover, afterwards into a tiny black bag.

Opening the window stealthily, she untwisted from a nail in the outside wall a thin black thread. This thread, which extended along the ground, when wound up dragged with it a stout cord. On this Mrs. Kenrud tied the little bag of jewels and pulled twice sharply. Over the sill went the bag, on to the ground, then mysteriously and swiftly, crept along the floor of the yard till it vanished over the wall.

Mrs. Kenrud heaved a tremulous sigh, shut the window softly, took away the chair, and emerged. Two agitated men were just making for the door. . . .

The bag of jewels, after climbing the wall, disappeared into the open window of Mr. Gossiker's flat, thence into his eager hands.

Mr. Gossiker, after listening for a breathless moment to the tumult and shouting in Heden Street, closed down the window and quickly but calmly took up his hat and coat. Stowing the jewels in his pocket, he left the house and walked away as rapidly as his lameness would allow.

The dusk was falling as he turned down a side street in a somewhat dirty neighbourhood. Knocking at a door, not too clean, he was admitted by a retiring man, who allowed as little of himself as possible to be seen from the street.

"Got them?" inquired this person eagerly, opening his greedy eyes when they had descended the basement stairs, and he had closed carefully after them the door of a low, bare apartment.

For answer, Mr. Gossiker produced the black bag, and the splendid jewels glittered in the candle-light. "Ah!" breathed the man in ecstasy, then started as two small, quiet knocks sounded at the door. "Only the first of the boys."

He went up the stairs. At intervals more knocks sounded, and visitors were admitted one by one till in the cellar stood those same half-dozen unostentatious men who had mingled with the crowd in Heden Street. One by one they emptied upon the table their catch of jewels, and in the middle of the glittering heap shone the Countess of Derrick's jewels.

Mr. Gossiker's gentle face glowed with a pure fire as he gazed.

"Nearly a year's work it has cost me," he murmured, "and some hundreds of pounds (though not so many bills are paid as they think!), but—it's worth it all! And now at last I can stretch my back and bid farewell to these detestable spectacles and stick and wig. I have no liking for the blonde." He uncovered his dark hair.

"You didn't stay long after the fair, boss," grinned one of the light-fingered men; "they wouldn't have traced it; not they!"

"My friend," said the chivalrous Mr. Gossiker, "a man whose liberty depends upon a woman's keeping of a secret would do well to put the sea between himself and gaol. Besides, I must dispose of these as soon as possible. You have worked well, and your shares shall be generous."

Some days later Mr. Gossiker, sitting easily in an Amsterdam hotel, read with much interest the full and latest account of the Suffragette outrage and riot: "Robbery of the Derrick diamonds. Mystery still unsolved. Mrs. Kenrud remanded. Wild statements." "Poor woman!" he sighed, laying down the paper. "I very much regret . . ." His hand sought his breast pocket, and closed on something that responded with a pleasant crackle.

"Loot," murmured Mr. Gossiker, smiling gently.

By Hook or by Crookery Purchase Home Cookery.

Has your wife entered for the HOME NOTES crochet contest? £200 in prizes.

THE RAID REPELLERS.

How Our Shores are Guarded by Night When the Naval Manœuvres Are On.

NEAR the dockyard gates hangs the square frame bearing, amongst other typewritten sheets, one which reads :—

> NOTICE TO MARINERS.
> When three red lights are burning over the Great Fort, the Eastern Entrance to the Harbour is closed to vessels of the Mercantile Marine.
> The Small and North Channels will be closed to all traffic from 9 a.m., June 8th, until 5 p.m. June 11th.

Dwellers in the dockyard town well know the significance of the notice, and the word soon passes round "Night attack next week."

That is the inner meaning of the notice which hangs on the wall, and in the course of a day or two preparations are going on apace.

One evening sees a flotilla of long, lean, black torpedo-boat destroyers come slipping in through the entrance to the harbour and take up their position in the "pens," as the long rows of pile piers are called.

Coal or oil fuel is taken aboard in haste and the next morning away steam the boats out to sea. These boats will return later to deliver their attack on the dockyard town.

The Watchers On The Cliffs.

There are watchers on the cliffs as the boats vanish in a cloud of smoke, and after the last smudge has disappeared from the horizon the signal is flashed to mobilise the coast defenders, the men of the Royal Garrison Artillery.

From the frowning fortress above and from the antiquated barracks a few miles away pour out the gunners, attired in khaki working dress, and the Engineers to man the searchlights.

All is bustle in one corner of the dockyard, too, as the naval pensioners who form the boom defence party get ready to tow their huge rafts out into the openings in the Breakwater.

These apparently frail things are composed of solid oaken baulks, dovetailed and clamped with iron, enormous tree-like locking gear, each raft weighs from thirty to forty tons, and when we have seen them hauled into place, interlocked, and further strengthened with huge chains, each link of which is as thick as a man's leg, we can appreciate the force of the Admiralty contention that nothing less than a large cruiser can break through.

Another line of smaller rafts lies behind and these carry long nets of steel wire, reaching to the sea bed, and weighted with heavy sinkers to prevent the tide from moving them sufficiently to allow the ingress of a submarine.

At last all is ready and night begins to fall. There is no moon to betray the approaching destroyers, and the blinding beams of a dozen or more searchlights flash across the inky waters.

Wits Against Wits.

Hours fly by and then, suddenly, a long low shape looms up near the opposite shore.

Instantly guns spit fire all round, and the enemy, being discovered, makes a dash for the nearest entrance. The light follows her and the guns boom again and again until the destroyer's commander realises that his is a forlorn hope and sends up his coloured rockets to denote surrender.

Meantime three more shapes are stealing in close under the batteries, but the light drops on them and they turn tail and are away, pursued by the beam and the roar of the guns.

And now comes an ocean liner, brilliantly lighted and bearing mails. Obedient to signals, she brings up to be searched by the crew of a naval picket boat, but suddenly from her farther side darts out another destroyer and runs full tilt at the booms. This liner, of course, has been a ruse to cover the movements of the destroyer.

The lights are on her now and the guns thunder out. Too late, she has slewed round and discharged an imaginary torpedo at the boom, and then, having cleared the way for the battleships and cruisers, is content to leave the question of success or failure to the umpires, who meet on the morrow. Theoretically she may be sunk, but theory does not prevent her young commander from crowing on his siren.

Towards dawn an attack is made in force, but is driven off, and with daylight the tired gunners and Engineers seek their war quarters, to sleep through the day and prepare for another attack next night.

Pink Bread for Gourmets

THE latest diet craze is to have your food as highly-clourred as possible, and from Germany comes the pale blue lobster, the invention of a learned Professor named Kornfeld. Red lobsters being too commonplace to whet the jaded appetites of Society diners, the Professor hit upon the brilliant idea of adding an alkali to the water in which the lobsters are boiled. As a result, they come out a pretty pale blue, and the smart set are able to breathe again.

Lobsters are not the only food that German aristocrats wish to be highly-coloured. Rose-coloured soup and tinted bread also enter into the menus.

Apparently there is a scientific reason for this latest fad in diet. An eminent medical man gave it as his opinion some time ago that a person's character can be gauged by the kind of colours he prefers in his foods. Thus, if you are very fond of yellow-coloured foods, you are probably a person of somewhat low and vulgar tastes, but if you choose dishes of a brown or chocolate colour you show yourself to be a person of refinement.

A speaker at the Pure Food and Health Conference, recently held in London, pointed out the fact that very few people care for food that is quite colourless. "Invalids are ordered coloured jellies and port wine," he said. "Children prefer coloured sweets. Most of us would soon tire of all-white food."

There are, no doubt, great possibilities in the coloured food idea, but it is to be hoped that our British restaurants will not feel called upon to adopt it.

KING'S ENGLISH.

No. 9.—"Farther" and "Further."

Even the best educated among us are liable to make mistakes in grammar. Each week we give some common grammatical error, pointing out the mistake and correcting it.

THIS week we explain the misuse of *Farther* and *Further*.

The word *farther* is used for actual distance, *further* in nearly every other case. It is correct to say, "He can walk farther than I can," because that is a question of actual distance. But use further in such phrases as "Please write further."

Next Week: *Etc.*

Tooth-ache—Eyesight Bad

ONE of the commonest causes of bad eyesight is bad teeth. A good specialist in eye troubles not only examines your eyes when you go to him, but also your teeth, and in many cases he advises his patients to have their bad teeth drawn.

Decaying teeth, though they may not ache, are continually setting up abscesses, which react on the nerves. Bad upper teeth naturally have a worse effect upon the eyesight than defective lower teeth.

Many a person suffering from toothache complains that pain is in the eye as well. The throbbing of the dental nerves starts all the nerves around throbbing, including the optic nerves, with the result that the eyes are put out of focus.

When you have your teeth seen to, you should make a point of going to a first-class man. A short time ago a healthy, well-built man went to a specialist and complained that his eyes were troubling him. The specialist carefully examined his eyes and came to the conclusion that there was nothing wrong with them.

He then overhauled his patient's teeth, but they were apparently all sound. Not satisfied, he had the patient's mouth photographed by the X-rays, and under what appeared to be a pretty sound tooth was discovered a bad abscess. It had never caused any pain, but nevertheless it had brought about bad eyesight. The specialist sent his patient round to a first-class dentist, and a few weeks after the removal of the tooth the eye trouble disappeared.

It is of the greatest importance, therefore, that those who suffer from bad teeth should have them attended to as soon as possible.

WHEN MIDGES GET MUMPS.

Insects and Birds Have Special Epidemics of Their Own.

HONEY is to be very dear this season. The reason is the scarcity of bees, and the cause of this scarcity is a mysterious disease which appeared suddenly a few years ago in the Isle of Wight, and which within a few months had destroyed practically all the bees in the island.

This disease has now spread throughout the Home counties and the south of England generally. It has wiped out hundreds of stocks there. The mystery of it is still unsolved, though scientists have been investigating it ever since its first appearance. At present it is hanging particularly around the Thames Valley and round the suburbs of the great cities.

A Bill is just now before Parliament which seeks to regulate the importation of undesirable alien bees, in the hope that we may have no more mysterious bee pests.

Petrol Kills Off Flies.

Most people notice the comparative scarcity of the common house-fly nowadays compared with, say, ten years ago. This scarcity coincides with the rise of the motor-car.

The influence of the motor acts in two ways. The decline in the importance of the horses means fewer stables and mews to act as breeding-places. But the petrol fumes of motor traffic have also killed off flies by the million—or, rather, made them sicken and die.

The fumes of petrol are poisonous to insects, and, according to a scientist who has made a special study of the subject, set up in the house-fly a form of gangrene or blood-poisoning that is fatal within the hour. "Petrol gangrene," as it has been dubbed, is believed to have halved England's fly population within the last few years.

Just ten years ago there was a curious epidemic in Yorkshire during a hot spell. Millions of tiny green flies (a variety of aphidæ) appeared suddenly out of nowhere.

The Yorkshire-Gloucester match at Dewsbury was considerably delayed by these flies. Two or three times an over a batsman would check a bowler's run in order to remove a fly from his eye. But after three days the plague disappeared even more mysteriously than it came, and as suddenly. Yorkshire was strewn with millions of little swollen bodies. Some mysterious disease, probably due to damp, had left not a single invader alive.

In the hot summer of 1907 two strange epidemics broke out, one among wasps, the other among midges. Round Carnarvonshire, in particular, wasps were to be seen crawling about without wings. Entomologists declared that some mysterious sort of poisoning was the cause, but, as far as is known, the matter was never thoroughly investigated. Nobody loses sleep over the worries of wasps.

Diphtheria Among Pigeons.

The ailment among midges was not cleared up either. When some of them were put under a microscope it could be seen that they were very much swollen. If mumps is possible among midges, they had caught it.

It is only a few years since a hitherto unknown epidemic swept through the wood-pigeons of Hampshire. They were found lying dead in scores all over the northern part of the county. The curious thing was that all the little corpses were exceptionally plump and well nourished. The only suspicious thing was a swelling round the neck.

Scientists who investigated the disease declared it to be a form of diphtheria, a disease hitherto unknown among birds. This plague still crops up occasionally, but with less severity than on its first visit.

Another great bird plague is grouse disease. It was unknown in this country up till a century ago, but once here it has taken up a permanent residence.

Grouse disease is the dread of gamekeepers. Once it makes a single appearance the whole season's sport is spoiled, as it is violently infectious.

It is declared to be a sort of infectious pneumonia, and its causes are similar to those which produce pneumonia in the human race—poor food and damp. Good feeding and a dry nesting season keep it away.

"The Trials of an Aunt," a splendid series of stories by May Wynne, starts in this week's HOME NOTES.

THEY WON'T LICK STAMPS.

A Lady Insurance Act Inspector Relates Some Strange Experiences.

"WITHOUT entering into the question of the goodness or badness of the National Insurance Act, it is at least permissible to be amused at the ignorance many insured persons exhibit regarding its provisions," remarked a lady insurance inspector to Mr. P. Doubleyou recently.

Only a week or two ago, for instance, I was called to a house where the mistress had declined to stamp her maid's card because she had broken some crockery, and the very next day a similar case cropped up, the offence upon this occasion, however, being that Mary Jane had entertained her young man in the kitchen of an evening, contrary to orders. To both these ladies I had to explain that the Act was not intended as a handy instrument for mistresses to use in order to punish erring domestics.

Some of my experiences have been distinctly exciting. I have been threatened by a farmer with a shot-gun and by a woman with a kettle of boiling water, while on one occasion a savage bull-dog was let loose upon me, and I only escaped by taking to my heels and slamming the garden gate behind me. This latter reception, however, I considered to be a bit too hot, and I was compelled to advise a prosecution, with the result that the owner of the animal was the poorer by a fine of £5.

Beware of the Dog.

On the other hand, I have found that most people's barks are worse than their bites. Once, for instance, I had to call on an ex-army officer, whose antipathy to the Act was notorious all over the neighbourhood. Not only had he obstinately refused to stamp the cards of any of his several servants, but he had caused the following notice to be posted up on his front gate:

> Persons calling at this house in order to try and induce the owner to lick stamps will be regarded as rogues and vagabonds and treated accordingly.
>
> *N.B.*—Beware of the dog.

I confess to having entertained a feeling of uneasiness on my first visit to interview this individual. However, duty was duty, I reflected, so I donned my best bib and tucker and sallied forth to beard the ogre in his castle.

To my surprise, he turned out to be a most pleasant and courteous old gentleman. He even asked me to have afternoon tea with himself and his wife, an invitation which, being tired with my day's work, I accepted.

When, however, it came to trying to get him to comply with the provisions of the Act, I found that all my persuasive eloquence was in vain. Nor did he give in until he had paid something over £50 in fines and costs.

It is extraordinary how widespread is the belief amongst certain classes that an unmarried father is entitled to maternity benefit equally with an unmarried mother. On three separate occasions, when visiting such cases, I have been met with a gruff demand for "my thirty bob, please, miss."

Cards are Often Pawned.

Some of the poor mothers, on the other hand, are very grateful. One girl-wife, on being handed her thirty shillings, asked my acceptance of a sixpence—"to drink baby's health with miss, please." Another woman similarly situated was so overjoyed that she insisted on knowing my name, in order that she might call the child after me.

A not infrequent cause of trouble, I have discovered, is the pawning of their insurance cards by hard-up workers. In some very poor districts, even the regular pawnbrokers will advance sums ranging from one to two shillings on a partially or fully stamped card, but in most cases the money-lenders are men and women—very frequently the latter—who make a business of granting small loans to people of the working classes with whom they are personally acquainted. In these cases the card is usually parted with some time in the middle of the week and is redeemed on the Saturday, the lender being secure in the knowledge that the borrower cannot go to work on the following Monday without it.

Bother is caused, too, at times, through the women pledging their husband's cards. One such delinquent, on being expostulated with, probably voiced the general opinion of her sisters in misfortune when she retorted: "Better me pop it for bread for the kiddies on the Wednesday than let my old man pawn it for booze for hisself on the Thursday."

DRIVING IT HOME.

A MAN walking into a restaurant left the door wide open. A big man eating his lunch immediately yelled:

"Shut the door, you fool! Where were you brought up—in a stable?"

The man who had left the door open closed it, and then, dropping into a seat, buried his face in his hands and began to weep.

The big man looked somewhat uncomfortable, and, finally rising, walked up to the weeper and tapped him on the shoulder.

"My friend," he said, "I didn't intend to hurt your feelings. I only wanted you to close the door."

The man who was weeping raised his head and grinned.

"Old man," he said, "I'm not crying because you hurt my feelings, but because you ask if I was brought up in a stable. The fact is that I *was* raised in a stable, and every time I hear an ass bray it makes me home-sick."

LITTLE BRAIN WAVES.

OF course women are changeable. Many a man gets rid of one only to get another.

Next to getting the man she wants, a woman enjoys getting the man some other woman wants.

The difference between a cat and a wasted opportunity is that the cat comes back.

He is a very unusual man who hasn't a woman somewhere exaggerating his virtues.

A woman never objects to a man talking in his sleep if she can understand what he says.

Every man is a fool for at least five minutes every day. Wisdom consists in not exceeding the limit.

No one but an aviator has the right to look down on others.

The trouble with many married people is that they are trying to get more out of marriage than there is in it.

Men, after considering a woman for months, invariably decide that they loved her at first sight.

The difference between repartee and impudence is the size of man who says it.

For the enjoyment of love, as of sausages, there must be complete confidence.

Whenever you see three men drinking champagne together you know that someone's been done.

There are limits even to feminine folly. The woman who fills more than twenty pages of a diary deserves to be found out.

After an inexperienced man has rowed a boat for about three-quarters of an hour almost any kind of scenery is good enough for him to stop and admire.

The man who pays his tailor by return of post wins respect neither from his friends nor from the tradesman who receives his cheque.

"It takes an old maid to be always imagining there's a man in the house," said the lonely wife; "a married woman soon learns to know better."

The secret of managing a man is to let him have his way in little things. He will change his plan of life when he won't change his bootmaker.

There is in the sensation of wearing a "new" gown a joy which the "mere man" cannot conceive and will never fathom.

Lying in bed would be an altogether perfect and supreme experience if only one had a coloured pencil long enough to draw on the ceiling.—G. K. CHESTERTON.

"EVERY stroke of work we do," says a leading Suffragette, "carries us a little further towards the goal." The last word is surely a misprint.

STRATEGY.

A LITTLE son of a well-known minister was very anxious to have a watch. He repeatedly asked his father for one, and, after many refusals, his father absolutely forbade him to mention the word again.

It was the custom of the family to each repeat a text every Sunday morning.

One Sunday morning, some weeks after the final emphatic refusal of the watch, the text chosen by this enterprising little son was:

"I say unto you, as I say unto all: Watch!"

"DOING 70" ON A MOTOR BIKE.

"The Wind Almost Forces You Back Off the Seat," Says a Competitor in the Recent Isle of Man Race.

IT is all very well to sit in an armchair and read thrilling accounts of motor-bicycles racing on public roads at sixty, seventy, or eighty miles an hour, but it is quite another thing to take part in such performances.

Let it be understood at once that to take a motor-cycle along an ordinary road at seventy miles an hour is a remarkable performance, which requires an amazing amount of skill and nerve, as well as an absolutely efficient modern machine "tuned" to the highest pitch of perfection.

The machines used in the recent Tourist Trophy competitions in the Isle of Man, for instance, were put together months before they were required, and under the care of expert mechanics the engines and parts were subjected to severe bench tests for weeks on end.

Often enough the machines have been assembled and taken to pieces a dozen times or more, and even then scrapped because an almost unnoticeable flaw had appeared. No time nor expense is spared to make the engine as perfect as possible.

With a machine which practically cannot go wrong and will travel just as fast as it is allowed to, the driver takes all the responsibility. That is why accidents occur far more frequently through mistakes of the rider than through defects of the machine.

Corners Must be Cut Off.

The driver has to concentrate all his attention on two things—the road and the machine. Incidentally he has to do other things taught him by experience—crouch low on the handlebars to avoid wind pressure, cling to the machine as if nailed and riveted to it, take as few risks as possible, and keep a keen watch on time.

When it is remembered that in motor-cycle competitions time is counted down to one fifth of a second, it will be seen that each competitor is out to cut corners off time, to beat the tiniest hand on a chronometer. It takes a great deal of experience even to learn how to sit properly on a machine at speed, and there is real art in turning corners or negotiating bridges.

"Watching" the machine is done by listening to the sounds and beat of the engine, for experienced riders can immediately detect a fault by any unusual sound coming from the machine.

When speeding on a motor-bicycle it is necessary to take more and greater risks than in any other kind of fast travel, and it has been found by experience that it is always safer to stick to the machine, even if it tries to turn head over heels or climb a tree.

When your number is called at the starting place you have to be ready to rush off at the fastest pace your machine is capable of.

The machine feels as if it wants to scuttle away from under you, the wind pressure almost forces you back off the seat, and your first impression is that of hanging on for dear life.

What the Road Looks Like.

Gripping hard on the machine, you crouch as low as you can in order to lessen wind pressure, which feels like a lead weight. On either side of you everything is a blur, indistinct and unrecognisable. Straight ahead, however, things are clear to the eye, and although as you increase speed you can see ahead well enough, driving becomes a matter of instinct. Then you listen to the engine. Yes, she is humming away healthily with quite a rhythmic throb. You realise that you cannot do better. You may win—but let that wait. From now to the finish you must think of nothing but road, engine, road, engine.

Except in the low, crouching attitude, there is less discomfort than might have been supposed. There is a delightful feeling of smoothness—riding on a well sprung machine is almost an unknown quantity, and there is practically no vibration from the throb of the engine. On anything like a decent road there is no discomfort at all.

This does not mean, however, that seventy miles an hour is altogether pleasant. The feeling of responsibility, if you choose to allow your thoughts to run that way, is at times almost overpowering; the strain on the physical system is enormous, and you soon get to know that you possess nerves.

But, unpleasant as it is, once you have indulged in speed you hunger for more, and, like a drug maniac, you will go to any extreme to get it.

The August number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE is a special seaside number. On sale this week.

Smacking Bald Heads for Fun

A Contributor Tells How Some Brain Workers of His Acquaintance Let Off Steam.

"I COULD not help it, your worship. A sudden impulse came over me and I *had* to do it," said a prisoner charged with theft at one of the London police courts the other day.

He was sent to prison, but he may have been speaking the truth, for at times some extraordinarily curious impulses steal over people, more particularly those who work with their brains.

Many whose work entails great mental strain often find a distinct need for some violent frolic or escapade to relieve their pent-up feelings and overstrained nerves.

It seems an idiotic and purposeless thing to slap a cab-driver's face to calm one's feelings, yet this is what a well-known actor does, and he does it in such a gentlemanly fashion and pays so liberally that the men seldom take offence.

Curiously enough, when he enters a taxi or cab his feelings are of the friendliest towards the driver, but when he reaches his destination and is waiting for his change the man's face invariably acts like a red rag to a bull, and an over-mastering desire to smack it comes over him. He does so, apologises, explains, pays up, and all is well.

Only recently a well-known City merchant was fined £20 for spitting on each side of a constable, a playful practice he was apparently in the habit of indulging quite regularly.

Another highly placed business man I know has the curious method of smashing crockery to soothe his nerves.

It is the usual custom in his office for afternoon tea to be served, which repast is usually attended to by the office boy. One afternoon he encountered the latter laden with a tray of steaming cups of tea, and the irresistible desire to smash the lot came over him.

"What would the damage amount to if I upset your tray?" he inquired.

"Half-a-crown would do it, sir," replied the boy, who was quite in sympathy with his master's penchant for breaking things.

"Done!" And handing over the money, the man gave the tray a vicious kick, sending the tea and china flying in all directions, then hurried back into his office.

The late Mr. Labouchere might also be cited as an instance. Whenever his false teeth annoyed him, and that ever so slightly, he would call for a hammer and destroy several pounds' worth of dentistry quite gleefully.

A well-known musician who was one evening labouring under intense excitement gave a baked potato merchant five shillings for the pleasure of upsetting his barrow. The vendor had nearly sold out, otherwise he would not have been quite so lenient.

Other brain-workers delight in picking up ornaments, such as flower-pots, casually letting them drop, and then settling for the damage done in the coolest manner possible.

But perhaps the strangest example of these mad frolics is the uncontrollable desire of a certain artist to smack bald heads. The man simply cannot resist it.

He has done it in church, in the dress circle of a theatre, and at a political meeting. He was engaged recently to a very charming young lady, and when he went to demand her hand formally the sight of his prospective father-in-law's hairless pate proved too much for him. Down came his open hand with a resounding thwack, and he fled from the house.

A letter of abject apology followed, and he was asked to call. He was explaining how truly sorry he was for his absurd action when suddenly that insidious desire again crept over him, and once more the artist's hand and the old gentleman's head came in contact.

That time he was not forgiven.

Have my Seat, Miss

"Our Menfolk Are Not Polite Nowadays," says a Lady Contributor, "Because Women Impose Upon Them."

THE men of to-day may lack that courteous manner towards the gentler sex which was so natural to our ancestors, but they are not altogether to blame, because chivalry has been driven out of them.

Whilst in a tram-car the other day I noticed a gentleman—with evidence of being tired out after a hard day's work—sitting opposite to me.

The car was crowded, and presently a handsomely-dressed, haughty-looking lady and two comparatively poor children entered. The children were in front but the "lady" pushed past them to the top end. The man I have mentioned got up because he realised that the children could not reach the strap to keep themselves steady, but the buxom lady dropped into the place without even a "Thank you."

In a little while the seat beside her became vacant, and, without any thought for the man who had relinquished his place, she beckoned to a friend who had just come in to take it. Would one blame that man if he never again inconvenienced himself for a woman? The woman who can treat a stranger in such a way must give her male *friends* a pretty bad time.

Men who are engaged, or at any rate in love, regard it as a privilege to do what they can for their sweethearts. Unfortunately through voluntarily doing little kindly acts they often get turned into "lap dogs," and are *commanded* to fetch and carry for their ladyships.

An engaged girl of my acquaintance, whose parents could only afford to keep one maid-servant, discovered on the girl's "night out" that the sitting-room coal-scuttle was empty. Her lover insisted that he should go and fill it, and his sweetheart reluctantly consented.

In a brief while, however, she became so used to his waiting on her that she did not even take the trouble to see that the box was filled, and would say to herself: "Charlie will get some when he comes."

Sometimes if she had neglected her shopping she would meet him at the door with: "Just run to the grocer's and give him this order, there's a good boy. It won't take you many minutes."

For many months Charlie complied cheerfully with such requests; but after a bit he awoke to the fact that he was being turned into a lackey and "kicked."

Girls have a very foolish notion of wanting all the world to see how attentive their men friends are to them. Most men find a pleasure in paying such attentions, but very few care to be "exhibited."

A gentleman, for instance, would naturally relieve a lady of a heavy parcel or coat she might be carrying, and would not lack dignity in doing so; but I have seen girls hand their men friends a small satchel, purse, or even a bunch of flowers to carry for them, and it is impossible to see one of the "lords of creation" walking along with such things and not feel inclined to laugh.

I am one of those fortunate women who always fall on their feet and invariably receive courtesy and attention from the male sex; and I hope and believe that I never take their gracious acts as a matter of course or impose upon them. Reluctantly I have to acknowledge that the majority of women do so. There was, however, a pleasing little incident that I witnessed in a tram-car only the other day.

It was raining hard at the time.

A gentleman offered a young girl his seat, but directly she had graciously accepted it the conductor told the gentleman that he must go upstairs as there were too many people standing. Without any hesitation the girl jumped up and made her way on top.

"That gentleman gave up his seat for me," she said, and gave him a smiling bow of thanks as she vanished. That is the gracious way all women should behave to those men who have gone out of their way to oblige them.

Duel by Poisoned Pill

Some Deadly and Barbarous Methods of Settling Disputes.

AN extraordinary duel was fought the other day near Mont Blanc, in France. Two young men who had fallen in love with the same girl arranged to fight a duel, with Nature as decider of the result.

Selecting a part of that mountainous district, many thousand feet up, where avalanches are known to fall at frequent intervals, the lovers agreed to take it in turns to stand for a given time in the most dangerous spot that could be found. The idea was that when one was killed by an avalanche, the other should be free to propose to the girl whom they both loved.

This is not the only instance on record of a duel by avalanche. A few years ago two Italians, named Guetta and Sorato, decided to test fate in this manner, and also for the love of a woman.

For three mornings they tempted Nature, but nothing serious happened. On the fourth day Guetta was knocked down by a falling avalanche, but not much hurt. Then it was that their food supply gave out, and they returned home to get some more. By this time the police had come to hear of their strange duel, and threatened them both with imprisonment. So the undaunted rivals settled their differences in another and less adventurous way. They drew lots for their lady-love. Sorato won, and after Guetta had left the village he was married to the girl of his choice.

Some years ago two determined rivals decided to fight a duel with dynamite. They arranged that each should sit on a barrel of dynamite to which a fuse was attached. Whichever fuse burnt down first would, of course, have decided which was the winner. As luck would have it, however, both fuses went out some time before the dynamite was reached, and the rivals were so astonished at this unexpected happening that they made up their quarrel then and there.

A particularly terrible kind of duel was fought on one occasion in Mexico. The opponents were an Indian settler and a rich cattle-owner. The weapons chosen were butcher's knives, and it was settled that each combatant was to hold out his hand in turn to have one of his fingers cut off. The first to show the least sign of suffering pain was to have a bullet put through his heart by the other.

The Indian had the first cut, and amputated the cattle-owner's first finger at a single blow.

The Indian's first injury was the loss of a thumb, and he likewise remained as impassive as marble. This horrible drama went on until each combatant had lost four digits. Then the cattleman's second became so frightened at the ghastly sight that he shot the Indian dead, and ended the fight.

Another extraordinary method of settling a dispute was that hit upon by a doctor in America some years ago. Two of his friends had seriously quarrelled, and told him that they had set their minds on a duel. He replied that if they would leave all the arrangements to him he would provide them with a novelty.

They submitted to be guided by him, and on the day fixed for the encounter they made their appearance at the place agreed upon. The doctor was there before them, and, to their surprise, he had no weapons of any kind. Instead, he showed them a pill-box containing four pills, and informed them that while three of the pills were quite harmless, the fourth contained a poison which would instantly kill anyone who swallowed it.

The rivals agreed that each should take a pill in turn until one or the other drew the fatal pellet. The first two "draws" had no result, and then each duellist had another chance. The doctor made them swallow the remaining pills simultaneously, and a moment or two later one of the combatants fell back in his last agony.

Robert Barr, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Dorothea Conyers, and Clive Holland contribute to the August NOVEL.

A Right of Way

The Story of an Awful Mistake.

By
OLIVER MERLAND.

If unpleasant things happened to Mr. Buddlestone, it was not because he was not warned in advance.

Public opinion in the village of Flowerbank warned him. It is possible, just barely possible, that an uneasy twinge of his own conscience did the same now and then. It is certain that his only son and heir, Augustus, acted the part of a prophet.

"If you close the path, dad, you'll ruin old Durdles and make the villagers no end nasty," he observed, one summer morning, while he was sharing the first meal of the day with his parent in the lavishly-furnished breakfast-room of Buckingham Palace House.

Mr. Buddlestone put down a half-consumed slice of toast.

"The law's the law, and my rights are my rights," he returned pompously. "I've bought the estate, and I can't have low people trampling over my land to go to a vulgar, common shop. Not likely!"

Mr. Buddlestone was a large man—a very large man. That was the most notable thing about him. His face was red, and heavy and hard, with self-appreciation written all over it.

Where he had come from was a deep mystery as far as the village of Flowerbank was concerned. All the villagers were absolutely sure of was that he *had* come, necessarily from somewhere, and they were far from elated over his appearance.

He had purchased the second largest estate in the neighbourhood, including a mansion, which its previous proprietor had been content to call The Manor. This title had not appealed to the taste of its new master, and he had promptly dubbed it Buckingham Palace House, and had the same painted up in prominent gold letters on the gate-posts.

On his arrival he had been accompanied by his son, Augustus, a young gentleman whose face would have been rather good-looking had it not been so sharp. There was also Mrs. Buddlestone, who, as a lady, ought to have been mentioned first. But she was really of so little importance in her own family that outsiders were apt to forget her. She was a small, pinched woman, with a perpetually scared expression.

She was having breakfast with her husband and son, but neither of them were taking any notice of her.

As Mr. Buddlestone was about to resume his attentions to the toast, a servant entered the breakfast-room and offered him a letter on a silver salver. Everything was done in style at Buckingham Palace House. It was an unusually thick letter, with a coronet on the flap of the envelope.

The master of the mansion started.

"It's—it's from his lordship!" he gasped. A slow flush of gratified pride suffused his countenance. "I knew his lordship would 'old out the 'and of friendship at last, if I went on approaching 'im in the gentlemanly way!"

He broke open the envelope—being careful not to damage the seal, which he desired to preserve as evidence that he had received correspondence from a member of the House of Lords, and then his dawning smile vanished, and the flush on his face turned to purple.

Out of the envelope dropped a bundle of visiting-cards, each of which was larger than the average size, while all bore the name of Alexander Buddlestone, Esq.

He counted them with agitated fingers.

"Ten!" he murmured in a hollow voice. "His lordship 'asn't kept one of them, though I left them all myself!"

"All at once?" inquired Augustus.

"Yes," replied his parent. "There's ten in his lordship's family, an' wishin' to show I 'ad the money to do things in the right style and wasn't mean, I told the footman at the Towers, when he said his lordship wasn't at 'ome, to give one apiece all round to the noble family."

Augustus appeared to be going to venture on a further observation, but changed his mind. Mr. Buddlestone did not want any more breakfast. He sat staring gloomily at his ten rejected visiting-cards.

The greatest ambition of his life was to scrape acquaintance, some way or any way, with Lord Bergercourt—and this was all he got!

Although he would have died before confessing it to Flowerbank, Mr. Buddlestone had spent the greater part of his life in a ham-and-beef shop in London. But an unexpected fortune into which he had come as heir-at-law of a cousin who had emigrated to Australia, had caused him to migrate to the village.

Lord Bergercourt was the magnate of the county. He was a choleric nobleman, who spent a portion of each year with his somewhat numerous family at the Towers about six miles from Flowerbank.

His lordship had simply taken no notice of Mr. Buddlestone's frequent and desperate efforts to scrape acquaintance on the score of "being neighbours." But Mr. Buddlestone had persisted heroically. Goodness knows to what heights his hopes secretly soared. Lord Bergercourt had half a dozen daughters, and his Augustus was the heir of Buckingham Palace House. If his son were to marry an earl's daughter! If—oh, if——

But a stony woe fell on Mr. Buddlestone as he gazed at the ten visiting-cards.

"Perhaps I made some mistake," he reflected, brightening up. "Perhaps I ought to 'ave written each party's name on their own special card, an' his lordship 'ad to send them back because he didn't know who each was for. I'll ask Durdles. His wife used to be nurse or something in his lordship's family, and he ought to know the fashionable thing to do, though too low to do it 'imself. He wouldn't dare to refuse to tell me, on account of the right of way. I can put the screw on *'im!*"

Possessed of new hope, Mr Buddlestone put on his hat, and walked through a portion of his own grounds and half way down Lovers' Walk.

This latter was a winding avenue, lined with fine old chestnut-trees, which started on the borders of a branch road and ran to one end of the village. Throughout its entire length it cut through Mr. Buddlestone's land.

Half-way down the walk was a thatched cottage, the front of which had been built as a shop. It was far from a romantic place, for strings of onions were hung up outside, and bars of soap were displayed in the window. The name of Peter Durdles was painted on a board stuck up over the door.

As Mr. Buddlestone was approaching this establishment, he stopped, petrified. For standing on the threshold of the shop was a young woman in a print dress and a calico sun-bonnet. He could not see her face, but she seemed to be hanging down her head and coyly holding her finger in her mouth. Standing opposite to her, with his eyes full of appeal and yearning hope, was Augustus—his own son, Augustus!—offering her a bouquet of choice flowers.

"Flirting with old Durdles' girl!" gasped Mr. Buddlestone, paling. "Gettin' 'imself entangled with a young woman of low birth and no money, while I'm tryin' 'ard to get 'im introduced to the daughter of a lordship! This settles it! I'll exercise my right of way, and clear out all them Durdleses!"

Majestically, wrathfully, he strode on towards the shop. The pair at the door saw his approach. Augustus walked away hastily in the opposite direction, taking his flowers with him; while the "young person" gave a little shriek, and vanished into the emporium.

The shriek *might* have been one of laughter. But Mr. Buddlestone chose to detect in it an echo of guilty terror.

The shop was empty when he entered—empty, that is, except for himself and a strong perfume of Dutch cheese. He rapped on the counter with the end of his walking-stick.

"Durdles! Here, you, Durdles!"

There was a room behind the shop, separated from it by a door, half wood, half glass. Over the glass hung a curtain. Mr. Buddlestone could have sworn that a lower corner of this was raised to permit an uncommonly bright eye to examine him.

He had no doubt as to the identity of the eye's owner. He had never hitherto seen old Durdles' daughter; but he had heard of her, and knew that she was a housemaid in a county family, and had for some time been expected to return to her humble home on a holiday.

Then a little old man shuffled into the shop and sidled behind the counter. He had a wrinkled face and white hair. A pair of horn-rimmed spectacles were perched on his nose. He looked at once gloomy, nervous, and defiant.

"Now, look 'ere, Durdles, I won't 'ave it!" blustered Mr. Buddlestone. "The idea of that daughter of yours carryin' on with *my* son! It's disgraceful, and the minx ought to be whipped. But I'll stop it. I was thinkin' of bein' merciful and generous; but now it's my duty to close Lovers' Walk and clear you and your wicked family out, and I'll 'ave it done at once!"

If he had not been so angry he might have wondered more why Durdles looked so perplexed. As a matter of fact, he did partially observe it, but put it down to a wicked affectation of innocence on the part of the depraved parent of the offending young woman.

Without allowing Durdles time to say anything he left the shop with the air of one whose resolution was fixed.

Until the advent of Mr. Buddlestone there had been no talk as to the public right of way through Lovers' Walk. But there was no denying that it ran through Mr. Buddlestone's land, and he had suddenly announced his intention of closing it.

The villagers were aghast. If the walk were barred to them, how were they going to get along, seeing that the nearest shop, apart from that in Lovers' Walk, was miles away in the next village? And old Peter Durdles was stunned. If his customers were shut off from him, he would be a ruined man.

Mr. Buddlestone's secret motive for his contemplated action was that he fancied that the presence of something so vulgar as a shop on his estate would give him a lowering position in the eyes of Lord Bergercourt, and make it more difficult for him to acquire the friendship of that nobleman.

If he had hesitated ever so slightly before, this day's warning caused him to show no weakness. Augustus must be saved from the "Durdles young woman." at all costs.

Yet, though so bent on saving him from a disastrous infatuation, Mr. Buddlestone refrained from speaking to Augustus immediately. He knew his son. Augustus could be very obstinate, and had a trick, when opposed, of insisting more strenuously than ever on having his own way.

His right to close Lovers' Walk was not, perhaps, as certain as he was pleased to assume. True, the land was his; but the villagers had something to say on their own side. Only he held the power of the money-bags, which would carry him furthest in a legal battle. It never, in fact, occurred to him that he could be beaten.

"Durdles will 'ave to sell his lease dirt cheap, and go, and take his baggage of a daughter with 'im," he meditated, "or else pack 'er off back to 'er [illegible] place. When his lordship hears about my measures, 'e'll understand that I'm one of 'is own sort: my firmness in dealin' with the lower orders will prove it. Then I shall probably get an invite to the Towers."

He had no fear of Durdles setting up a new shop in the village proper, after being starved out of Lovers' Walk. He was the landlord of practically all Flowerbank, and no one could set up anything without his permission.

This permission he gave to a villager who had distinguished himself by extra cringing. Mr. Buddlestone described this as good manners; but the indignant villagers said that Green, the new shopkeeper in prospective, was a blackleg, and that if he did start they would starve before consenting to deal with him.

Deaf to all murmurs, Mr. Buddlestone ordered his man of law to make a start.

So it happened that one fateful morning Flowerbank awakened to find that it was cut off from its general shop. During the night strong barriers had been erected at either entrance to Lovers' Walk, and an extra number of policemen had been drafted into the village by the solicitor's special request.

Mr. Buddlestone had no intention of showing any weakness. But what a man intends and what he actually does are sometimes very different. He was obdurate, for instance, when a deputation waited on him, to point out that the village would be in danger of famine if the barriers were kept up.

"Not a bit of it," he replied. "You can send for what you want to the farmhouses round about. You 'ad your chance. Why didn't you 'elp Green to start 'is shop before I closed the walk?"

The deputation was next-door to inarticulate; but was understood to imply that the villagers would perish off the face of the earth rather than patronise the recreant Green. Mr. Buddlestone maintained a lofty calm, and waited for events to take their course.

They did; but they took them in a different direction from that which he had anticipated.

There was no violence. The people were simply angry. They could not get up Lovers' Walk to do their shopping. Old Durdles tossed various articles over the barriers to would-be purchasers, and they threw the money back to him.

But this sort of thing could not last long. As soon as the shop was depleted, the closed walk would prevent the laying-in of a fresh supply.

What annoyed Mr. Buddlestone most was the rumour that a young woman in a print dress and a sun-bonnet was assiduously assisting Durdles in his defiance. He quite knew who it was before he clambered over the nearest barrier, assisted by two policemen, and walked down to the shop to make sure on his own account.

Peter Durdles was sitting in the back room, and the partially-open glass door revealed him as a picture of woe and despondency. But the young woman in the print dress was behind the counter, making up a package of groceries with a most sprightly demeanour. Sinful, really sinful, Mr. Buddlestone thought it! But she was pretty! Even the autocrat of Buckingham Palace House was forced to admit that. She was pretty in a vivacious, dainty way that puzzled him. But he set it down to the artfulness of the wicked.

"And what have you called for, sir?" she asked Mr. Buddlestone—actually looking at him without a blush. "If it's dark twist, I'm afraid we're sold out; and if it's soft soap, I'm glad you've come for it, as it *is* rather trying throwing it over a gate."

"I 'aven't come for frivolity, miss," returned Mr. Buddlestone solemnly. "I've come to ask you if you ain't tremblin' to think what consequences your conduct 'as brought on you and your father? Carryin' on with *my* son!"

The abandoned young person smiled—yes, smiled!—at the outraged Mr. Buddlestone.

"I'll tremble when I have reason to," she

If you are interested in the conquest of the air you should read the July PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

responded. "But I think it is your son who is trembling at present, thinking of the breach of promise action I am going to bring against him!"

"Breach of promise action!" gurgled Mr. Buddlestone. "Augustus—*my* Augustus—never committed himself by promisin' anything to a 'ousemaid!"

It really rather looked as if he had, however. Entrenched behind the counter, and keeping Mr. Buddlestone at a due distance with the butter-knife, the young woman produced a number of letters from a tin which had originally held gingerbread. They were blotted and incoherent, but were full of violent devotion and ardent promises on the part of Augustus Buddlestone to lead their fair recipient to the matrimonial altar.

That is, the first were. The latter epistles were in a distinctly colder strain, and expressed the writer's inability to carry out his promise in consequence of his social standing not permitting it, and offering the ex-object of his devotions the exceedingly sensible advice that she should think no more about him.

"But I must have more than that!" said the young lady firmly. "Even the feelings of a housemaid cannot be lacerated for nothing!"

Mr. Buddlestone had turned a pasty white, and was clinging to the edge of the counter for support. About fifty shops appeared to be whirling round him. If this threat were carried out, farewell to all his ambition! Lord Bergercourt would never hold out the hand of friendship to a man whose son had been sued by a 'ousemaid. Even if he could be induced to do so, what would his daughters think of the proceedings?

"What do you want?" he stammered. "A 'undred pounds, now?"

The young woman regarded him severely. She pointed through the open door to old Durdles, who was too afflicted to take any interest in the proceedings, and whose wife, sitting on the opposite side of the hearth, was in a similar state.

"A hundred pounds, indeed!" repeated the young person. "No! I'm not going to give up my chance of being a Buddlestone for such a sum. Do you see that stricken old man, blighted in his old age, with the burden of sorrow on his brow?"

"Your pa?" gasped Mr. Buddlestone, somewhat startled at such a form of address from such a quarter.

The young woman pulled the flap of her sunbonnet over her face, perhaps that she might blush unseen, and made no direct reply. But the reply she did make was enough—more than enough—for Mr. Buddlestone.

"I want the right of way," she said.

That was her lowest price. Either Lovers' Walk should be declared and legally made open for ever, or she would bring an action for breach of promise against Augustus Buddlestone. The elder Buddlestone dared not fight. Visions of what that action would mean appalled him.

As soon as it could be done, Mr. Buddlestone's man of business carried through the necessary formalities, and Lovers' Walk was open and the stream of customers wended their way to the shop once more. On the happy day Mr. Buddlestone received all his son's letters—and one over. That one ran thus:

"The Towers,
"June 17th, 1913.

"DEAR MR. BUDDLESTONE,

"I am returning your son's letters, in compliance with my promise, and I will not sue him for breach of promise. I shouldn't have liked to have done so, anyway, as I am sure papa—*not* Mr. Durdles—would have been annoyed. You see, Mrs. Durdles used to be our nurse at the Towers, and I spend two weeks with her sometimes.

"I never wanted to rob you of your Augustus, but he was so pressing that I couldn't prevent him writing to me. It's a lucky escape for him, isn't it? Oh, by the way, Mrs. Durdles' *other* daughter, the 'ousemaid, is not due to come home till next week, and she will be *so* pleased to find all the trouble over the right of way ended!—Yours sincerely,

"MARJORY ST. CLARE."

St. Clare was the family name of Lord Bergercourt. Mr. Buddlestone had sacrificed the right of way to save Augustus from an earl's daughter, and had made the prospect of that longed-for "invite" from the earl himself more remote than ever.

If Mr. Buddlestone did not faint, it was only because he had not energy enough to do anything.

"So you're going to be married at last?"
"Yes."
"And who is to be the best man at the wedding?"
"I am."

MAMMA: "So you want to give your dear teacher a present?"

Willie: "Yes, ma; I'd like to give her some of that toffee like I had the other day."

"Why, Willie, that was what made you so ill."

"Yes, ma; I know it was."

Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

NO MORE SCRATCHED WOOD.

WHEN in the act of removing nails from wood, the pinchers sometimes slip, thus scratching and spoiling the appearance of the wood.

To prevent this happening, adopt the idea depicted in the illustration of placing a piece of sheet metal, or even thick cardboard, in the position shown. In this way, greater force can be used without leaving the slightest mark on the wood.

DID YOU KNOW?

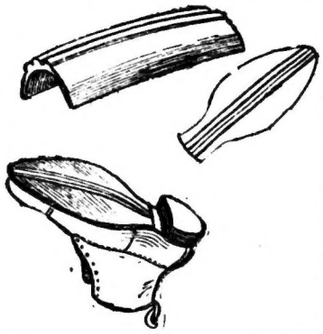
A GOOD many readers may have noticed a letter-box arrangement on the wind-screen of a motor-car, and perhaps have never known what use it serves.

On wet days the beads of water settle on the wind-screen and obstruct the driver's view. This glass flap shown in the sketch is so made that it can be raised, and the driver is then able to look through, thus getting a clear view of where he is going.

CYCLISTS, SAVE YOUR OUTER COVERS.

A good many cyclists discard old outer covers without thinking to what use they can be put.

It is not generally known that there is not a better article to sole boots with than the best parts of an old outer cover; it has four special advantages: it lasts longer than ordinary leather, its cost is practically nothing, makes easy and silent walking, and, above all, it is water-proof.



First, carefully cut the pattern and take special care to have full length of sole to about one inch of the heel, as shown in the illustration. When the cover is of the right size attach with ordinary rubber solution.

TO SCARE THE BIRDS.

A REALLY novel bird-scarer appears in THE SMALLHOLDER, and it is easily made.

You cut a piece of tin the shape of a cat and paint it black. If you want it to look more ferocious, add two or three brilliant stripes. Fix two pieces of coloured glass to form the eyes and hang it on a bough placed over the seed-beds. No bird will dare to approach close enough to the "cat" to discover the fraud, cute as they may be.

WHY TOES ARE VANISHING.

Some Pessimistic Prophecies. A Freaky Future is Foretold by Scientists.

IN spite of the scepticism of the age, the days of prophecy are by no means over, and every now and then some scientific or medical prophet rises up to utter predictions concerning the future—most of which predictions, it is devoutly to be hoped, will never be fulfilled.

Curiously enough, most modern prophets are unanimous in believing that the men and women of the future will be very ugly to look upon, and will lose many of the redeeming features which now make them passably handsome.

According to Professor Kromeger, a German, for instance, three thousand years hence all males of the human species will be completely bald-headed. It is reassuring to know, however, that women will retain their beautiful tresses.

According to Dr. Clement Lucas we are likely to become a one-toed race. In an address which he gave on one occasion before the Royal College of Surgeons, he stated that our big toes have undergone an extraordinary development, while our other toes, not being so much used in walking, are tending to become smaller.

Flowing Beards for Ladies.

"If the world goes on long enough," said Dr. Lucas, "in perhaps half a million years the useless outer toes, being less and less employed, may gradually disappear."

Happily, we shall none of us be alive to see the change.

Another prophet, M. Brandt, of Copenhagen, has an even more horrid vision of the future. It is his opinion that most of the women in years to come will have flowing beards and long moustaches!

M. Brandt has taken the trouble to write a book on the subject, in which he gives many arguments in support of his idea. He says that, even at present, quite ten per cent. of women have sprouting moustaches, only we do not notice this as the ladies are very careful to pluck the hairs out! He says, also, that the change will come very slowly, and that a race of bearded women need not be expected before a couple of centuries.

A well-known doctor recently made the alarming statement that only about thirty per cent. of our present population have normal eyesight, and if things go on as they are going now, he foresees a time when practically the whole of the British nation will be a nation in spectacles.

The doctor thinks that the best way to avoid such a catastrophe would be to give children only oral lessons in the early days of their education. When lessons are written, they should be done by the teacher on a large black-board in very bold style.

A Mad World in 300 Years.

The late Dr. Forbes Winslow, the famous specialist in mental diseases, held that the increase of lunacy was so great that "we shall be a mad world in 300 years' time." But he also thought that it was possible that the mad world would give way eventually to a world full of geniuses—a state of affairs which might be almost as bad as the mad era preceding it.

Amidst so much that is gloomy, it is interesting to find that there is at least one modern prophet who prophesies that a good time is coming. He is M. Jean Finot, the well-known French writer, and his prediction concerns the future of women.

"The women of to-morrow," he says, "will wear no jewellery and will not bother their heads about the fashions. They will be more elegant than they are nowadays, but they will renounce the arts and graces—which they owe to the men and the favours of fate.

"The woman of to-morrow," adds M. Finot, "will prefer to be a perfect woman instead of an incomplete man."

An age without militant suffragettes and big dressmakers' and jewellers' bills will indeed be an age worth living in for the mere man.

"WHY is a horse that can't hold its head up like next Wednesday?"
"Don't know."
"Why, because it's neck's weak."
"Oh, I heard that joke about a week back."

"LITTLE Bobby shows great determination," said the boy's mother.
"Yes?" queried the proud papa.
"Yes. He spent the whole day making soap bubbles and trying to pin one to the wall."

PEARSON'S WEEKLY insures you against Railway Accidents for £2,000. **Sign the coupon on page 144 now.**

CLOTH SALESMAN WINS.

Mr. P. Doubleyou Goes to Lancashire to Interview a "Middles" Winner.

MR WALTER HASLAM, of Simister, who is a cloth salesman in a Manchester cloth firm, was overjoyed at the news he had won the "Big Prize" in "Middles."

"This is the proudest moment of my life," he said, shaking Mr. P. Doubleyou vigorously by the hand. "I have been half expecting a visit from you for a long time, though now you have come I can hardly believe it is true.

"You see, I have won five small consolation prizes since Easter, so I knew I was on the right track for a big one. But Simister is such a small village that I hardly thought the Editor would ever find it even after he had awarded me the prize.

"It's not been won without trying, either. I have pegged away at 'Middles' every week since they started, and until I won a consolation prize last Easter everybody was hinting about a fool and his money. Even my wife used to say I was wasting my money every week. When I won a pencil-case she patted me on the back and said, 'That's not so bad,' when I won 5s. she said, 'That's better, Walter.' Now I've won the £3 a week she's got nothing to say—she's too astonished at our good fortune.

"Won the Big One Yet?"

"Practically all my friends have jeered at me and told me I never stood a chance. Even after they knew I had won several consolation gifts they still greeted me every morning with the question, 'Won the big one yet?' They'll alter their tones when I say 'Yes,' to-morrow morning!

"I noticed that several prizewinners have said that a good way to make 'Middles' is to keep one's eyes open for every-day incidents. I can endorse that fully. I keep a look out for anything that strikes me during the day and jot it down. In the evening I try if I can't work one of these incidents into a 'Middle' on one of the set words. It's remarkable how often you can do that. All my consolation prizes have been won that way.

"It was just the same with the 'Middle' that won me the chief prize of all. I noticed that so long as an airman did not get killed he was looked upon as a conqueror of the air. If he ever did come down suddenly it generally meant an inquest. From that to 'Aerial Flights,' 'Inquest' or 'Conquest' was simple.

How the L. S. D. Will Be Used.

"What am I going to do with the money? Well, first of all let me say that it would have taken me a lifetime to save as much, so I cannot thank you enough for it. As to what I'm going to do with it, that is simple.

"My little boy is the one thing my wife and I live for, and we have always been ambitious to give him a good education. But we never hoped for one moment to have our ambition realised, for education means money.

"Thanks to *Pearson's*, however, the lad will get a splendid start when he grows up. That is why I am so glad I have won. The money means everything to the wife and me, for it means our boy's future. We can never thank you enough for the joy you have brought us.

"There's one thing I should like to add before you go. About a mile from our cottage is Heaton Park, where the Fresh Air Fund kiddies go. Some of them are going at my expense this year!"

(Full particulars of this week's contest appear on page 144.)

THE trolley had slipped off the overhead wire, throwing the tram in complete darkness. After some little fumbling, the conductor made the connection, and the car was again restored to lightness, whereupon a small voice raised itself in shrill inquiry:

"Mamma, who put the penny in?"

IN A FIX.

A NEW butler, looking sorely distressed, went to consult the gardener in an embarrassing situation. "Mr. Spoofton," he said to the gardener, "will you advise me what to do?"

"If I can," replied the gardener. "Is anything wrong?"

"Well, it's like this. The master gave me strict orders to call him at six this morning, and—and he didn't go to bed till seven!"

The SUR—PRIZES Column.

Enter the Simple Competitions Below and Win a Prize.

Where Is the Mistake?

ON page 122 there is a mistake, quite a simple one. Can you find it?

To the first ten readers pointing out the mistake we will give stylo pens.

Mark postcards "Mistake." See conditions below.

What Did the Waiter Say?

A MEAN man took his wife and mother-in-law to dinner the other day. They gave the waiter a lot of unnecessary trouble, and when the dinner was over the mean man gave the waiter a penny tip. What do you think the waiter said? Limit what you think he said to ten words.

For the ten best things said we will give half-crown postal orders.

Mark postcards "Mean." See conditions below.

Add a Last Line.

WE want a last line to the Limerick:

"A k-nut at the seaside one day,
Raised his hat to a flapper named May,
But she shook her proud head
As she turned round and said,
. . . . . .

Well, what did she say? Don't be too nasty! For the ten best last lines we will give combined hand mirrors and shaving glasses.

Mark postcards "May." See conditions below.

RULES FOR THE SUR—PRIZES COLUMN CONTESTS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
2. You may take part in any number of these surprize column competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.
3. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
4. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
5. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.
6. All attempts must arrive not later than Tuesday, July 29.
7. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.
8. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

RESULTS OF FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

"SLEEP" CONTEST.

Readers were invited to suggest what explanation Jones gave his wife when she heard him exclaim in his sleep, "We must not let the wife know we are going." the prizewinners of the five pearl and silver fruit knives offered were as follows:

E. M. Baker, 10 Sefton Ave., North Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne; C. Baldwin, 56 Cowley Rd., Walton, Liverpool; W. E. W. Blencowe, 6 Richmond Terr., Kingsland Rd., Salisbury; G. H. Hope, 130 Victoria Drive, Eastbourne; F. Worswick, 16 Scholes St., Cheetham, Manchester.

"BLUSHING" CONTEST.

The following lady competitors have each received the prize of a silver and pearl button and glove hook for the best replies to the question, "Why is a blushing bride like gooseberry pie?":

Miss R. A. Barnes, 114 Gt. Union Rd., St. Heliers, Jersey; Miss H. Fuller, 62 Hill St., Totterdown, Bristol; Miss L. Sterling, 48 Chester St., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Miss M. Whitehead, 6 Mackenzie Place, Edinburgh; Miss M. Williamson, 20 Hanover Rd., Canterbury, Kent.

"COUPLE" CONTEST.

In this contest competitors were asked to add a line of their own to rhyme with one selected from *P.W.*, dated June 28, and for the best couplets thus formed the five prizes of manicure sets have been awarded as follows:

R. S. Bowman, 20 Wallace Rd., Copnor, Portsmouth; P. Faries, 91 Bk. Cropper St., Rochdale Rd., Manchester; J. C. Silborn, 114 Westbourne Grove, Bayswater, W.; J. Thomson, jun., Cove Bay, Aberdeen; J. W. Woodhead, 131 Horton Bank Top, Bradford, Yorks.

"WEIGHT" CONTEST.

"Why didn't the paper weight?" Answers to this question were requested, and the prize of a silver and pearl fruit knife has been sent to each of the following five competitors who contributed best replies:

Mrs. De Pledge, Thetford House, Milton Rd., Weston-super-Mare; K. R. Gramshaw, Lascelles Hall, Huddersfield; Mrs. M. Matheson, 28 King Street, Lossiemouth; C. E. Orford, 2 Market Place, Bungay; J. Whitehead, 6 Mackenzie Place, Edinburgh.

"PHRASE" CONTEST.

Prizes of five stylo pens were offered for the best sentences, having reference to our "Middles" competition, formed by using only letters in "Two pounds a week for five years." The winners were as follows:

W. S. Arthur, 38 Kennington Ave., Ashley Down, Bristol; E. B. Clegg, 4 Shepherd's Place, Harehills, Leeds; J. T. Graham, 22 South St., Greenock; J. Sutton, 20 Sutton-under-Brailes, Banbury; F. G. Wiggins, 1 Henry Place, St. Leonards, Edinburgh.

BUSY LITTLE SQUIRREL.

He Earns His Living by Hard Work. When Courting He Mimics His Lady-Love.

EARLY in the year, before the leaves of the trees have hidden their branches from sight, the squirrel can quite easily be seen. Should he observe the observer, he will either get into a great rage or will lie perfectly still on the opposite side of the tree, and so well does his position and colour suit his surroundings that he can most readily be mistaken for a small branch or twig.

Sad to relate, the squirrel has a very bad temper, and it is a good thing for human trespassers in his domains that he is only eighteen inches in length and weighs under a pound, for if he were only twice as large as he is he would fearlessly attack his real or fancied enemies with his very sharp teeth, and there would not be room for both of them in the land. As matters are, however, his show of temper is treated as a joke.

The shrugging of his shoulders, the stamping of his fore-feet, and the banging with his hind ones are treated as a part of the show. Even his insulting spit, which is more like a cough, and his derisive howl, which, after, all, is not an ear-splitting one, are a source of great amusement to the human intruder; but if he only could he would soon drive them away.

Special Clothes for Summer and Winter.

The squirrel believes in keeping his winter and summer clothes separate. In the winter he wears a greyish-brown, furry coat, with long ear tufts. His tail, to lend a splash of colour, is yellowish brown, but on the advent of summer he dons a reddish-brown hairy coat, dispenses with his ear tufts and his bushy sinuous tail.

Besides being smart, he is very artful, for his appearance matches his surroundings both in summer and in winter, and it would not be very difficult to imagine the squirrel turning quite white if England had a Canadian winter.

Although artful, the squirrel uses his coat only as a protection. His living he gets by hard work; in fact, as soon as day breaks he is out in search of nuts for breakfast.

Rolls In His Nest to Make It Round.

Squirrels will eat not only nuts, but also sloes, hips, haws, apples, pears, and sometimes corn. While their special delicacies are fungi and grubs.

The female squirrel has her young in March or April, and food being scarce at this time hunger often drives her to eat an occasional bird's egg; but this only happens when her distress is very great, and therefore this little falling away from true squirrel-like behaviour must be overlooked.

The squirrel builds himself a nest to provide a shelter from wind and rain made of stout twigs and moss mixed with leaves. The shape is that of a hollow cylinder, the inside being lined with dried leaves and moss and is made circular by the squirrel rolling himself round and round inside it.

The greatest peculiarity of the squirrel, perhaps, is his courtship. Up and down the bough, leaping from tree to tree, he follows the female of his choice. Should she slip at a certain spot he slips the same, at the very same spot; in fact, every action of hers he mimics.

Should a rival appear he flies into a fearful rage, and a battle royal takes place in the bough. It generally ends in the two falling from the bough and so having to use their skill in grasping some twig to break their fall. The successful suitor is the one who catches the female first.

THE man of the house was looking for his umbrella and, not finding it, asked the members of his family if they had used it.

"I think Grace's young man took it last night," said Harry.

"Why do you think so, my son?"

"'Cause, when I was in the hall last night I heard him say to Grace: 'I believe I'll just steal one.'"

ONE summer evening a miller was leaning over his garden gate, facing the road, enjoying his pipe, when a conceited young farmer happened to be passing. The miller, in a friendly tone, said, "Good evening, Charlie."

"I didn't speak," said Charlie gruffly.

"Oh," said the miller, "I thought you did; but it must have been your ears flapping."

HOW A BIG TRAIN SMASH IS REPORTED.

This Article Lifts the Curtain on One of the Marvels of Modern Journalism.

"ELEVEN Killed and Injured in London Express disaster: Terrible Collision at Colchester: Heroic Driver's Race for Life: Train Dashes into Light Engine: Thrilling Narratives of Rescue Workers Among Stricken Holiday-makers."

THESE and similar headlines you may have read when, a short time ago, disaster overtook the Norfolk Coast Express while passing through Colchester on the way from Sheringham to London.

Indeed, you have read similar headlines many times before, sometimes within an hour or two of the dread calamity happening. And probably, in common with thousands of others, you have marvelled at the incredible speed with which these things get into the papers. So let the curtain be lifted a little. Lifted because the reporting of a great railway disaster is one of the marvels of modern journalism.

Glance, then, into the office of a great London paper. For a brief interval quiet reigns in the newsroom. Then the tapes start clicking. The eyes of the boy in charge are fixed more or less languidly on the machine, which ticks out its messages of the world's happenings through the instrumentality of the big news-distributing agencies.

Seconds are Worth Sovereigns.

Suddenly he is galvanised into activity. And a moment later a slip of paper bearing a few printed words like one sees from a big-lettered typewriter tells the news editor that at "Brinkton," a small place a hundred miles from London, there has been a terrible disaster to an express full of bright, happy, holiday-makers.

Quickly he darts to the reporters' room. Seconds are of priceless value. He must get his best men to the scene of the catastrophe without delay.

The brief but terrible message has reported that twenty people have been killed and fifty injured in that crash. It has come from the representative of one of the news agencies, who have a correspondent stationed in every important centre. But these meagre details, although they will be followed by others, do not suffice.

The holiday-makers come from all over the country, and the news editor knows that directly news of the disaster leaks out frantic relatives and friends will be making inquiries at stations, of the police, and from every available source.

He wants stories, incidents, interviews, pictures, facts, times, and every detail which the combined brains of experienced news gatherers can glean. Time-tables are speedily consulted, and the news editor is issuing instructions hurriedly but concisely to the small special staff he is sending to "Brinkton."

In less time than it takes to write the reporters are being whirled to the London terminus of the railway on whose system the accident has happened.

At the Scene of the Smash—

If they are lucky they just manage to scramble into the special train on which responsible officials of the company are journeying to the scene of the catastrophe. Mile after mile flies by. The message has been sent to keep the line clear and the driver of the special knows his business.

Hardly has it pulled up snorting and puffing just near to the scene of the tragedy ere the reporters have scrambled out of the train. Then their work begins in real earnest. They split up their forces. The photographer gets his picture of the wreckage which has not been cleared away, of some of the survivors, of those who have had hairbreath escapes, of any little scene or incident which will make a "picture." Then he hurries back to London. His work is done.

Not so that of the reporters, however. They have to obtain when and where they can the official list of killed and injured, how the accident happened, what caused it, whether the signals were correct, theories of survivors to account for the disaster, personal experiences, all about the progress of the injured; they have to pick up from various sources details of heroism, intimate items about the killed and hurt, and, indeed, any piece of information they think worth sending to their papers.

Interviewing survivors is a difficult task. The reporter might be a stranger to the place and the uninjured might have hurried away. The injured may be in hospital too ill to speak or the reporter might be denied admission by the officials. He has a thousand and one obstacles to overcome, and yet he invariably triumphs. He has to stifle his own feelings and think only of his paper and of the immense number of people who will be waiting to read what has been written.

—In the City Office.

Then he has to get the information he has gleaned through to his Editor. That is the most important part of his journalistic religion. He can send it by telegraph, telephone, train, car, or aeroplane. No matter by what means so long as he gets it there in time.

Meanwhile, in the office which he left only a few hours ago a scene of boundless activity has prevailed.

From all sources messages have been pouring in. Sub-editors have been dealing with the mass of information which has come from the scene of the disaster, cutting, adding, improving, writing striking headlines, answering telephone calls, and an expert has been drawing maps and making diagrams showing the newspaper reading public at a glance precisely where the holiday-makers were sent to their doom.

All of it passes through the hands of one man who sees the "stuff" is in proper order, that no information is duplicated, that it occupies its correct position in the paper, and then, believing that no single bit of ground has been left uncovered in the story, he leans back in his chair and gives a sigh of relief.

And that is how it is done.

GRASS CARPETS LAID IN A DAY.

A clever inventor has manufactured some wonderful carpets of live grass. They can be put down in a day, will roll up like lino, and can even be used as tablecloths for afternoon tea on the lawn.

It's a wise wife who takes in **HOME COOKERY.** Her husband never has indigestion!

The Missing Millionaire

Telling How a Barefaced Swindler Was Unmasked at the Eleventh Hour.

By HUBERT BARTLETT.

THE MORNING RECORD of April 19th, contained two startling paragraphs.

The first, bearing the headline, "Remarkable Case of Body Snatching at Watlingford," excited little comment. The second, "The Mysterious Disappearance of the Millionaire Banker, Jacob Gibson Styles," was, before noon of the day of issue, the principal topic of conversation from one end of the country to the other. The banker had been missing three days.

On Tuesday night he had dined with his niece, Miss Ethel Styles, as usual, retiring to his study immediately afterwards. His own man had brought him his coffee and cigars an hour later and had found his master busy among his papers.

From that moment Jacob Gibson Styles had been seen no more. On the night of the banker's disappearance the body of an aged tramp, who had been found dead upon the roadside and deposited in the village mortuary, had been removed. But how, or by whom, the mortuary attendant was unable to hazard a conjecture.

Being a medical man, with a practice yet to make, the outrage at the mortuary, happening as it did within a stone's throw of my own door, interested me much more than the affair of Jacob Gibson Styles. But to neither matter could I spare the time for much thought, my mind being preoccupied with a personal occurrence, and that of so irritating a character that it left room for little else.

On the night following the banker's disappearance, I had been summoned to the house of a Mr. Launcelot Gibson, to prescribe for a patient, who was apparently suffering from a slight attack of that peculiar epidemic, influenza.

The person to whose bedside I was called was an elderly man, aged somewhere about sixty, whom Mrs. Gibson introduced as her brother-in-law.

Although somewhat feverish, my patient exhibited no dangerous symptoms, and but for his constant complaints of acute pain, which I set down as largely imaginary, I should have devoted little attention to the case.

But a young practitioner cannot afford to neglect opportunities, and as my afflicted patient was a near relative of Mr. Launcelot Gibson, the famous West End actor, it was an opportunity indeed.

Therefore for three days I gave the man every possible attention, and he seemed to improve under my care, yet at midnight on the third day my patient lay dead.

Naturally my first thought was that I had made a blunder in diagnosis, but on more calmly reviewing the course of the man's illness, I felt that any self-reproach was entirely out of place.

Still there were circumstances connected with the case which irritated me strangely, and the more I turned them over in my mind, the greater that irritation grew.

Yet I asked myself, what possible connection could there be between Launcelot Gibson's relative and the extremely stupid practical joke which had been played upon me on the night of his decease?

At about 8.30, the usual hour for my last call at Gibson's residence, I had received an urgent summons to a farm house some fifteen miles distant. The man who brought the message stated that his master, a well-known farmer in the district, had met with a gun accident, and was in imminent danger of bleeding to death.

I had ridden to the farm with all possible speed, only to discover that I had been sent on a bogus errand.

On my return to the village, I called upon my influenza patient, to find to my consternation that he was dead. Now I am not by nature suspicious, yet I am bound to say I had a certain hesitation in giving a death certificate; but I set this down to a latent dislike to Launcelot Gibson. Yet everything seemed fair and above board, and Mrs. Gibson had been most thorough in her nursing. So I decided that no good purpose could be served by insisting on a post-mortem, and, as I had discovered a slight valvular weakness, I gave the cause of my patient's death as heart failure.

The name given to me by Mrs. Gibson, and which I inscribed upon the certificate, was Jacob Gibson Styles. Broken rest, and a number of serious cases all coming together, had completely upset my nervous balance, so that for the time being I could not think clearly, consequently no memory was awakened by the name.

But on passing up the main street a newspaper contents bill brought my memory back with a rush. There staring me in the face were the words, "The Mystery of Jacob Gibson Styles still unsolved."

I stepped quickly into the shop and bought a paper. "The millionaire, Jacob Gibson Styles, who so mysteriously disappeared from his residence, Pembroke Lodge, Lancaster Gate, on the evening of Monday last, is still missing.

"The forces of Scotland Yard have been requisitioned by the financier's business partner, Mr. Julius Berger, while the aid of a celebrated detective has been called in by the missing banker's niece and heiress, Miss Ethel Styles, but up to the present no tangible clue to the mystery has been discovered."

A portrait of Mr. Gibson Styles was given below, and the paper dropped from my nerveless fingers as I recognised in it the features of my late influenza patient.

Impulsively I retraced my steps to Launcelot Gibson's house.

The actor, who had been absent from home during my recent visits, was stepping from the door as I arrived.

He greeted me effusively. "Ah, Doctor Meredith, I'm glad to see you!" he cried, watching me meanwhile out of the corners of his eyes. "I have only just returned to hear the distressing news of my poor brother's death."

I bowed coldly. Struggle as I would against the feeling, nothing could shake my conviction that his grief was assumed.

"It has completely knocked me over," he continued. "In the first place because I'd no idea that Jacob intended paying me a visit, and in the second that I should have been absent at a time when I know the poor fellow most desired my presence. I'd taken a little trip over to the Continent, you know, and until I wired my wife last night she'd no idea of where to communicate with me."

By an effort I forced myself to answer calmly. "So the mystery is solved then. I'd no idea, though, that the missing millionaire was your brother. I always supposed——"

"That my name was Gibson. Quite so"—indulgently—"for professional purposes I dropped a portion of my full name, which is Launcelot Gibson Styles."

I nodded again and he went on glibly:

"Jacob and I had not been on very friendly terms for some years. He financed one of my unlucky productions, and—well, my poor brother was a bad loser."

He stopped and buried his face in his handkerchief.

"But you have done your level best for my brother, I feel sure," he went on. "Indeed, Mrs. Gibson has never ceased to talk of your skill and untiring attention. What a pity it was unavailing." Was there a half sneer in the carefully modulated voice, I wondered?

"So the newspapers will have a commonplace ending to their mystery, after all," I observed.

"Yes, but they will make the most of it all the same, confound them! My brother detested notoriety of any kind. It is for that reason I've arranged for the funeral to take place to-morrow, so as to give these jackals of the Press no opportunity of being present."

"To-morrow? That is very soon. What of Miss Styles? I understand from the papers that there is a niece, and surely she would wish to be present at her uncle's obsequies."

The man's thin lips tightened for a moment, then took a sympathetic droop.

"Oh, yes. Poor Ethel! I have just wired her the sad news. She will of course be down at the earliest possible moment."

"Then she has only just been informed of her uncle's whereabouts?"

He shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. "Ah, we must not blame my wife too much. Remember, doctor, that you yourself were quite positive that Jacob's illness was not serious."

I felt that I was being duped, and retorted viciously, "The MORNING RECORD reports, too, that Miss Styles is her uncle's sole heiress."

A row of fanglike teeth, yellow with constant cigar smoking, gleamed in the sunlight.

"You must not believe all that the newspapers say. As a matter of fact, though, my brother did make a will leaving everything to Ethel, but he assured Mrs. Gibson yesterday that this will had been destroyed. So, you see, my dear Meredith, that my niece who, by the way, is a remarkably pretty girl, will be dependent now upon us. But when she marries"—and he patted my shoulder softly—"provided she marries a man of my choice, a handsome dowry will go with her."

Giving me a significant nod, he turned abruptly and entered the house.

The man's meaning was clear enough. The hand of his niece was offered to me as a bribe. Why? For what purpose?

A scrap of paper on the pavement caught my eye. It was a telegram, and it had dropped from Launcelot Gibson's pocket when he replaced his handkerchief. The address, "Ethel Styles, Pembroke Lodge, Lancaster Gate, London," decided my action, and I snatched it up and read:

"Regret that Uncle Jacob, who has been here on a visit, died suddenly last night. Shall expect you to-day.—LAUNCELOT GIBSON."

This was the telegram which he assured me had already been dispatched.

He had lied to me then. Why?

On the impulse of the moment I sent an urgent wire to Miss Styles, suggesting that she should call on me before 10 o'clock the following morning. The funeral was fixed for 12.

The first train from London reached Watlingford at 9.45, and by that train she came.

Ethel Styles was undeniably a pretty girl, and if the pale proud face was a trifle cold and mask-like the blue eyes in which the tears were swimming showed that it was but repressed emotion.

"So my uncle is dead," she commenced. "When did he die? And what was the cause of his death?"

I told her the story of her uncle's illness, concealed nothing, and she listened patiently, only when the tale was finished she cried, "Dr. Meredith, this funeral must be stopped. As surely as you and I are sitting here, Uncle Jacob has been murdered, and Launcelot Gibson and his wife have murdered him."

"But, my dear young lady, Gibson has been away," I urged. "He only returned from Paris this morning."

"Listen," she said solemnly. "For five years my uncle has had no communication with his brother. I was perfectly in Uncle Jacob's confidence, and I know that the breach between them was irreparable. Last night, too, our house was entered, and my uncle's will and other valuable documents stolen from the safe. It was not forced, but had been opened by my uncle's own keys."

"But how do you know the keys were your uncle's?"

"Because I have used them constantly. Some years ago, Uncle Jacob lost the use of his right hand, so all the locks of his private receptacles turned the reverse way." I caught her arm excitedly.

"One moment!" I exclaimed. "You assure me that Mr. Jacob Styles was unable to use his right arm?"

"I do. It was entirely useless to him. Why do you ask?" I shook my head.

"Ask me nothing more now," I said, leading her gently to the door. "We have still an hour before the funeral and I believe in that short time we can discover much."

"Then you intend to help me, even though you have to admit yourself mistaken?" The neatly gloved hand resting upon my own must have felt my muscles contract.

"I'll help you, let the cost be what it may," I cried, "and if a crime has been committed, I'll see that the guilty ones shall not escape."

"And what is to be my share of the work?" Courage shone from her fine eyes, and every nerve in her body seemed to be alert and eager.

"Your place is there"—I opened the hall door and indicated Gibson's house—"to await my coming and to allay any suspicions, but meanwhile to use your eyes and ears. Have you the courage for this?"

Perhaps my gaze had been a trifle too steadfast, for she coloured and turned away.

I watched her till she had turned the bend of the road, then sought the cottage of the mortuary keeper, and by good luck found the man at home.

He was quite ready to talk.

"The dead-house door was locked safe enough," he declared, "and the body of the tramp' chap was inside stark and stiff when I went to bed at nigh on eight o'clock. Yet, as I'm a livin' Christian, at six the mornin' followin', Jack Miller, the postman, gave a rat-tat at my winder and, says he, 'Mr. Mugford, mortuary door's wide open, and your stun's given you the slip. Anyway he ain't there.'"

On further inquiry I found that the lock, which was of a common enough type, had not been forced, so leaving honest Mugford still expatiating over his wrongs, I hurried to the police station.

The sergeant in charge was a fairly intelligent man, and having listened to my suspicions, required but little persuasion to accompany me to Launcelot Gibson's house. The back of the actor's residence abutted upon a coppice, and by this way we managed to approach unobserved.

A small motor-shed commanding a view of the rear windows, afforded us a temporary place of concealment, and there, after a short delay, Miss Styles joined us.

The girl was evidently suffering from repressed excitement.

"Look!" she exclaimed, drawing a brown paper parcel from beneath the folds of her cloak, "I found these in a cupboard in Launcelot Gibson's room. Tell me, please tell me what it means." Her eyes, big with wonder, sought first the sergeant's face, then my own.

With a quick movement the police officer had exposed the contents of the package—a number of portraits, snapshots mostly, of my late patient, a full white wig, and a pair of Dundreary whiskers; while, of special import to myself, was the complete make-up of a country rustic.

The officer and I exchanged glances, then the man's

(Continued at foot of next page.)

Four farthings make one penny. One penny makes one child happy, if sent to the F.A.F.

1st PRIZE £10 — 2nd PRIZE £5 — TEN PRIZES OF £1 EACH

FOR LINE-RICKS!

NO ENTRY FEE

HERE is a new and simple rhyming competition that should appeal to every reader of *P.W.* You take any one line in this copy of *P.W.*—it doesn't matter if it is in the reading matter or in the advertisements—and you make up a second line to rhyme with it.

To show you exactly what is meant, you will find on page 129, column 2, line 35, the line:

"Only tea and sugar had run out,"

and you add a second rhyming line, such, for example, as:

"They still had left a dozen stout."

On this page, column 2, line 56, you will find the line:

"Ethel assuredly blushed as she whispered, 'Yes.'"

and you add a second rhyming line, such, for example:

"The question he asked you can easily guess!"

You can, if you like, choose your line from one of the titles of the articles or stories in this number. Suppose you choose the title to the article on page 123:

"When midges get mumps,"

Then you could add the line:

"They're down in the dumps."

You may choose a line from the advertisement columns if you wish. Here is a line taken from the red cover, line 15:

"There is a curious notion entertained,"

and you add a second line:

"That naughty children should be caned."

Such a couplet as this we call a Line-rick.

Now set to work to make a Line-rick.

To the reader from whom the Editor receives what is considered to be the best Line-rick will be awarded the first prize of £10. Other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. In the event of ties, prizes will be divided.

When you have chosen your line, write it in full on the coupon below, together with the number of page, column, and line, then fill in your second rhyming line, your name and address, and put it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post to arrive not later than first post Tuesday morning, July 29th. Mark your envelope "Line-rick No. 3" in the top left-hand corner.

You may send in as many attempts as you like, provided each is on a separate coupon.

LINE-RICK No. 3.

Page..... *Column*..... *Line*.....

Line chosen .....

.....

Rhyming line .....

.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in Pearson's Weekly."

Name .....

Address .....

THE MISSING MILLIONAIRE (*cont. from page 130*).

Eyes scrutinised carefully the upper part of the house.

"There's a barred skylight opening on to the roof, I notice," he said. "I suppose, Miss Styles, you've had no chance of exploring the attic beneath?"

She shook her head.

"And the body, where is that?"

Her face clouded, and I hastened to reply. "The first-floor bedroom over the porch."

"Ah! Is there any chance of our getting there without being seen?"

"I think so. There's a back staircase leading up from the kitchen," the girl replied. "When I came out Mr. and Mrs. Gibson were in the dining-room with the undertakers."

"Good. But you'd better go first then."

Two minutes later we stood in the death chamber. A casket of polished oak, gleaming with silver fittings, stood on trestles at the foot of the bed. The sergeant with a grim smile leant over it and read the name inscribed on the plate, "Jacob Gibson Styles."

"We'll soon know," he said, drawing a couple of heavy screw-drivers from his pockets. Working with a will the last screw was quickly removed, and as the policeman lifted the lid, I in turn raised the blind, letting the bright sunshine in upon the cold, still face beneath. The officer gave one look at the dead man.

"It's him, after all," he grunted, "whiskers and everything." But my eyes were keener than his.

"Wait," I said, and with a sharp tug I tore a white wig from the dead man's head, revealing a thin patch of iron grey beneath. The flowing Dundrearys followed, and the change was complete.

"It's the tramp as I'm a living sinner!" cried the sergeant. "Then where's Jacob Gibson Styles?"

Before I could reply the door was thrown open and Launcelot Gibson, clad in deepest black, and followed by his wife, entered the room.

"Dr. Meredith! Sergeant Roberts! What are you doing here?"

The sergeant took up the challenge. Stepping to the actor's side, he laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Launcelot Gibson, I arrest you for the murder of Jacob Gibson Styles."

The man reeled a little, then recovered himself with a violent effort. "What, in the face of this?" he said, with a sneer, pointing at the still form before us. "Surely even *you* would not make such a mistake as that, doctor?" My cheeks burnt, and I turned to give an angry reply, but the sergeant, looking only at his prisoner, interrupted:

"Never mind him. We know that's the tramp right enough, and it was you that stole him from the dead house. But that was only to deceive the doctor here." He pointed to the wig and Dundrearys "You made yourself up with a set of these and took sick in bed. Then when the time was ripe you sent the doctor off on a wild goose chase into the country, and while he was gone, put our friend there"—indicating the dead tramp—"in his place."

"Please go on! It sounds like a melodrama."

"It is, and the villain of the piece gets hanged!" snapped the policeman. "Well, this business is all a blind to hide a worse. The false Jacob Gibson Styles was to have been buried to-day, while the body of the real Jacob Styles, whom I've reason to believe is still in this house, would have been got safely out of the way at your leisure."

"Oh, no, no, no!" The interruption came from Mrs. Gibson. "Launcelot"—the woman clung to her husband's arm frantically—"tell them the truth!"

Gibson shook her off furiously.

"Hold your tongue!" he cried. "They can prove nothing, nothing!"

"Help! Help! There's someone in here! Help me to force down the door. Dr. Meredith! Help!" The voice, which was that of Ethel, came from the stair above, leading to the attic, and with one accord the sergeant and I rushed towards it. The sergeant locked the room as we left it. Muffled cries penetrated through the door against which the girl was beating.

"Stand on one side, miss. Now, doctor, together!"

The door fell inward with a crash, revealing a miserably furnished bedroom, in which, strapped to the bed and half suffocated by a linen cloth tied over his mouth, lay a tall old man with a mane of white hair, and flowing Dundreary whiskers.

As we cut the ropes which bound him, Miss Styles threw herself sobbing into his arms. "Oh, Uncle Jacob, is it you? Is it really you?" she cried. "They told me you were dead." The old financier rose stiffly.

"I'm as good as two dead men yet, my dear," he said. "Though goodness knows what might have happened if you hadn't run me to earth. That scoundrel of a brother of mine swore he'd keep me a prisoner till I parted with the last part of my fortune, and"—with a grim smile—"I'd have stopped here till doomsday before I'd have robbed you of that. But you haven't introduced me to your friends here."

Did my eyes deceive me, or was it a wave of colour which swept across the girl's averted face as she repeated my name? But the missing millionaire was shaking me cordially by the hand.

"I owe you a heavy debt of gratitude, Dr. Meredith, and with one exception, members of my family always pay their debts, don't they, Ethel?"

Ethel assuredly blushed as she whispered "Yes."

PLAY THEM IN THE OPEN AIR

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MY DOLLY DRAMAS.

Mr. Clunn Lewis, the Last of the Old Country Puppet-Showmen, Tells us Some Good Stories.

YES, I believe I am the only survivor of the old village showmen.

I have toured with my show through the villages of southern England for nearly fifty years now. But the show is very much older than myself. Some of my dolls are well on to two centuries old. One of them in particular, Old Mother Shipton, who smokes a pipe, is black with age and wear, and is just a year over two hundred.

It was a famous old show for at least a century before I bought it, and was placidly touring the English villages in the days of the early Georges.

A man who owned it a century ago had a taste for smuggling, and sometimes took his company of wooden actors across the Channel to Calais for a change of air and change of audience. On the way back, however, the hay stuffing in Mother Shipton's homely carcase was invariably replaced by costly lace. It was a good dodge while it lasted. Then one fine day my predecessor went for a change of air to gaol.

We Play "Maria Martin."

We play all the ancient blood-and-thunder plays "Maria Martin, or the Murder in the Red Barn," "Jack Sheppard," "Arden of Faversham," and so on. We once had the distinguished honour of having the son of the real Maria Martin herself in the audience. He never turned a hair. In fact, he seemed greatly tickled.

The old historic name of the show was Middleton's Marionettes. I saw them myself for the first time at the mature age of four. It never entered my head that the whole box of tricks would one day be my own. In fact, as a boy I was trained for the priesthood. But the showman's life was in my blood.

I have had lots of quaint experiences in my forty-seven years of trudging the country-side. I remember once being booked to give my show at a home for the feeble-minded.

When I arrived an official informed me that no refreshments could be served till after the performance. It was a brand-new rule, he went on, with no personal bearing at all. The fact was that a comedian who had appeared there a week or two before had weakened his judgment sufficiently to choose a song with the chorus:

"He's in the asylum now! He's in the asylum now! Rum-tum-tum-tum-tiddley-um, He's in the asylum now!"

Picture palaces have given the travelling village theatre the last kick. Every large village has its own Electric Palace or Picturedrome now. So for many years it has been a case of putting up with barns and out-houses. This season, however, I am at the Crystal Palace.

Chipped by a Bricklayer.

When performing in theatres as tiny as barns and out-houses one has naturally some peculiar experiences with audiences.

I remember a bricklayer dropping in once to patronise us in a Sussex village. He sat down in the stalls—our prices are not West-end ones—well primed with beer. The first thing that caught his eye was a representation of a house on the back cloth. "That's not the way to lay bricks, Clunn," was his professional criticism, given in a loud voice. It was a shrewd hit, for I paint my scenery myself.

He thereupon relapsed into noisy slumber. He was suddenly awakened, however, by our fine display of sheet lightning, not to mention tin-tray thunder and a stray smell of sulphur.

When the Bottle Imp—that was the play then on—leapt out of the trap the startled sleeper caught sight of the doll-demon. With his scalp crawling he fled, leaving a trail of broken and upset chairs on his way, and nearly breaking his neck down the steps. He evidently thought his last moment had come.

HAROLD: "I played my first game of golf, to-day."

Rose: "And what did you go round in?"

Harold (innocently): "Tweeds."

VILLAGE GROCER: "What are you running for, sonny?"

Boy: "I'm tryin' to keep two fellers from fightin'."

Village Grocer: "Who are the fellows?"

Boy: "Bill Perkins and me!"

How Typists are Tempted

By A BUSINESS WOMAN.

TYPISTS are more open to temptation than the average business girl. For one thing they are often alone in a room with their employer, and if that employer happens to be a beast he has unrivalled opportunities for carrying out his designs.

Here is a pitiful story told in the courts recently: A young girl—she was hardly out of her teens—was charged with attempted suicide. On inquiry it transpired that she had been the only typist in a small business firm, the head of which was an out-and-out scoundrel.

The salary he gave her was only eight shillings a week, and out of that she had to clothe and feed herself and pay for her lodgings. The scoundrel soon found out that she had no relations in town, and one day offered to take her out to lunch.

She accepted, never dreaming there was any harm in it. Gradually he made love to her, gave her little presents, and even promised to marry her, and under that promise he ruined her. When he was tired of her he gave her a week's wages and brutally told her to clear out.

The poor girl never had a chance from the beginning, placed as she was alone in a big town.

Even the girl who lives with her parents, and is to that extent guarded, is not always safe.

I knew a very charming girl whose parents were getting old, and she went out to act as typist to a gentleman in order to bring a little "grist to the mill."

Her employer was a married man, some thirty years of age. The girl was conscientious and hard-working. There were only the two in the office. His wife was a drunkard. Often and often he would reach town broken down by anxiety and grief. With a woman's natural intuition the typist gathered that he was troubled.

It was not her place to say anything, but the magnet of sympathy is very powerful, and one afternoon, when things had been worse than usual, he felt he could bear his trouble alone no longer. His parents and friends had been against the marriage, so he did not wish to tell them the worst—besides, she was his wife.

He confided all to his typist. The girl, who had been well brought-up, never for a moment realised that there was danger in pitying and sympathising with a married man, however young he might be. And because she was not on her guard they drifted.

Offices where there are a number of girls are just as dangerous as lonely offices.

I know an instance of another girl who was not very good-looking nor particularly attractive. She was away from home earning her own living. For some unaccountable reason one of the head male clerks took a fancy to her.

They became engaged; but although his people lived in the same town he did not introduce her to them, making one excuse after another for not doing so.

He paid nightly visits to her lodgings. The poor girl was intoxicated with "being loved." No one had ever loved her before. Her mother died when she was a baby and her father was stern and harsh. Things went on for some time, and when this man—blackguard—realised that her love for him was the strongest factor in her life, he offered that she should either go away with him or give him up.

Needless to say which she chose. The poor soul could not look ahead. She had no one to advise her, and the thought of losing him seemed too awful to contemplate. What she felt in after years when he wilfully "lost" *her*, I hardly care to imagine.

Another danger which is attached to the business girl is the spirit of independence. I am speaking of the selfish type of girl—the one who so eagerly forgets all the devotion she has received from her parents and takes advantage of their poverty and old age by defying them, returning home at what hour she pleases, and going where she likes because she is capable of earning her own living and wants no more from them.

The life of a business girl is undoubtedly far more interesting than that of a home girl, and I never yet met a business girl who could be persuaded to stay at home again, even if she were offered more money than she was getting "in town."

I'M AN AIRMAN PERSUADER.

By A Well-Known Aerodrome Official.

OFFICIALLY I am the assistant-manager of a well-known aerodrome, but I can best describe my real task as that of an "airman persuader," for aviators are even harder to handle than opera singers. Every time they go up in the air they take their lives in their hands, and consequently their nerves are continually on edge, which makes them sensitive and highly strung.

Being gifted with a fund of patience and a tactful manner, mine is the unenviable task of persuading sulky and ill-tempered flyers to go up when crowds congregate to see them fly, and also to keep them on *terra firma* when they evince a desire to ascend under dangerous conditions.

What renders this task difficult is the fact that nearly all aviators are superstitious. There is, for instance, a fixed belief amongst flyers that should a pilot have one smash, however trivial, two others are bound to follow on the same day if he goes on flying.

On one occasion I spent over two hours trying to persuade a well-known French trick flyer to go up on his monoplane. The day was perfect for flying, and the pilot's only excuse for not leaving *terra firma* was that he had a fit of the "blues" and didn't feel like it.

Clock Stopped So Wouldn't Fly.

Eventually, however, I talked him out of his ill-humour, and, to the delight of the aerodrome spectators, he climbed up into the sky. But he only stayed up three minutes!

When he had risen about a thousand feet he noticed that the clock on his machine had stopped. It was ticking all right when he started off, so he took its sudden refusal to work as an omen of impending evil, and planed down without hesitating. For the rest of that day this superstitious flyer stayed on earth.

Nothing seems too trivial to keep an airman on the ground. Most of the aerodrome flyers have their favourite helmets, overalls, or other oddments, which make up their flying garb, to which they attach considerable superstitious value.

Many of these articles of dress I carefully keep under lock and key, for should any one of them be lost, the owner nine times out of ten refuses to ascend without it, and all my persuasion does not shake his decision.

I remember an anxious few minutes I had not long ago when Beaumont, the crack French flyer, was preparing to start on a big air race round England.

Beaumont always flew with a shabby, shrunken cloth cap on his head, for he looked on it as a mascot. He wore it during the Paris to Rome and the European Circuit air races, both of which contests he won.

Lady Companions Are Lucky.

But his favourite cap was not forthcoming when he climbed into his Blériot monoplane to await the starter's signal, and its absence so disturbed him that it was a toss up whether he would start off or not.

Eventually he flew away without his mascot, but consoled by the assurance that the whole aerodrome would be ransacked to discover it. At length it was unearthed and dispatched after its owner in a speedy motor-car. It was with great relief that I heard the cap had been handed to him, when he descended at one of the northern control stations.

British flyers I find fairly reasonable to deal with, my only trouble with them being to persuade them to wear a safety belt or helmet when they go aloft, for British pilots have a strange dislike for such safeguards, as they consider that to don them may be construed into an outward and visible sign of funk.

Another interesting point I find in connection with British pilots is that they are always ready to ascend even under the worst weather conditions, if a lady passenger is to accompany them, for the fair sex are generally regarded as mascots when they act as airmen's passengers.

DINER: "Waiter, there's a chicken in egg!"

Waiter: "Right, sir. I'll fetch a knife and fork."

PROSPECTIVE BUYER: "Can you recommend these complexion powders?"

Chemist: "Well, madam, I can't say that they will wash like the natural complexion, but they won't rub off on a coat-sleeve!"

"Told by the Stage Doorkeeper," a new series of stories of stage life, begins in the August NOVEL.

HIS WOMAN OF MYSTERY

The Story of a Man Who Went Through Fire and Water for the Sake of Love.

By T. ARTHUR PLUMMER.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Dorreli At Bay.

BERESFORD turned the letter over and over in his hand, looked curiously at the well-loved writing:

"In the event of my meeting a violent death."

The words danced before his eyes in letters of fire. The old man wrote of the violent death he had met.

He felt almost afraid to open it—it seemed like a sacred message, and he was afraid because of what it might contain.

In some strange way he knew he was going to learn things that would dispel much of the mysterious gloom that had surrounded him for so long. With a quick, nervous movement, an action that spoke volumes, he tore open the covering and looked at the sheet within.

The first thing that caught his eye was the date; if it were possible, his pale face went paler still. It was dated for the day prior to his last day in life, prior to the one when he had called on the "Woman of Mystery," and on the outside wrapper he had written of a violent death.

He looked about the room; he must pull himself together, shake out of his mind the horrible fear that was beginning to take possession of him—that when the old man had contemplated paying a visit to Madame Cyvanie there was a vague uneasiness in his brain.

Then he turned to the sheet of paper and read. The first few words brought a mist to his eyes, blotting out the rest of the letter. "When you read this I shall be no more; you will reign in my stead—the last, Sir Beresford Farren."

He dropped into a chair, perhaps the very chair he had sat on when he had penned these words; he buried his head in his hands; his shoulders heaved; the letter lay on the carpet at his feet.

His thoughts travelled back; he was living in the land of "memory." And now the old man was gone, and they had parted in anger. But his father *knew*, and would understand. The minutes passed; then he picked the sheet up and read—read with every emotion drifting through him, with the blood drained from his face and lips, his eyes staring, his heart thumping as though in passionate protest within him.

Then he pressed the bell, and the servant who answered it was shocked at his appearance.

"Order the car—or call a taxi; whichever is the quicker!" he cried. "Don't waste time. For God's sake—don't waste time!"

Terrified, the servant fled and soon returned. It was the car—the late Sir John's own private car. He shouted out an address to the chauffeur and sprang in.

The address was that of Count Dorreli!

He had never felt calmer in his life as he rang the bell. He wondered what was going to happen, if Dorreli were in and would see him. He hadn't long to wait; he was instantly ushered into the Count's presence.

A rather small apartment, handsomely furnished. There were shelves of books; a mahogany roll-top desk, which stood open. Seated in front of it was Dorreli.

The latter rose; there was a half-smile on his lips. It might have been his imagination; but Farren thought he looked ill, anxious, in spite of the smile.

"I came here to see you once before, Count Dorreli," Farren said.

"So I believe. I missed you, didn't I? I'm sorry! You had foolish notions in your head—murderous notions, I might say. I thought it best to avoid you!"

"Yes—you ran away!"

"Sir Beresford Farren," the Count said, "please don't get that into your mind! I avoided you because a woman pleaded with me. She was candid. 'You were dangerous,' she said. It wasn't for my own sake she warned me, but yours. I have no doubt, however, you've already heard this."

"You're a strange man, Count Dorreli!"

"Stranger than you think!"

"No—not stranger than I think!"

"What do you mean?"—sharply.

There was an inscrutable smile on Farren's face, but he didn't answer.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

It was almost as though they were creeping round one another, feeling for an opening, each watching the other's movements, afraid for the present to say much for fear it should be one word *too* much.

"I said to you once, Count Dorreli, that there would come a day of reckoning. That day is at hand! But, spite of the things I know, spite of the things I *fear*, I'm willing to compromise!"

"Difficult problems that—er—don't matter, I have a habit of giving up, so perhaps you'll be good enough to explain?"

Still that doubt in Farren's mind.

"Will you tell me who Madame Cyvanie is, and what her connection is with you—and others?"

"A woman, Sir Beresford, we've found useful for the furtherance of our cause! A woman who of late has been—well, shall we say 'foolish'?"

"And beyond that?"

"I shall tell you nothing!"

"In that case——" He broke off; then went on slowly, with an inflection in his voice, significant, that carried a covert threat: "I said I'd come here to compromise. You have a paper, Count Dorreli, that I want!"

"A paper!"

These were the last words Dorreli had expected. There was a dangerous gleam in his eyes; but Farren met his glance.

"A document that gives you a hold over Madame Cyvanie!"

Dorreli came half a step closer.

"Madame Cyvanie told you that?"

What harm could it do, Farren reasoned with himself, to say "Yes?"

"You are right!"

"Do you know the contents of that document?"

"As a man of honour, Count Dorreli—no!"

"You spoke of 'compromise.' Suppose I refuse, what is the alternative?"

"That I go straight from here to the police."

"What for?"

"To give you in charge for the murder of my father!"

Dorreli raised his eyebrows; he was even smiling a little.

"You think I killed Sir John?"

"Actually, no. That you were responsible, yes!"

"So you'd bargain with the man who killed your father! Sacrifice the dead and his memory for the living?"

Farren never knew how great a control he had over himself until this moment.

"Evidently I haven't quite made my meaning clear, Count Dorreli"—quietly. "The alternative was that I went to the police *now!* If you hand me over that paper I don't go to them for twenty-four hours."

"Kind—very kind of you!" He stepped to the door and flung it open. "Good day to you, Sir Beresford Farren!"

"You throw down the gauntlet. It's an open challenge? You refuse to give me that paper?"

"Absolutely! Go to the police!"

"You seem pretty cool about it."

"Never felt less disturbed. I listened to a woman's pleading once, and ran away from you. I shall not run away a second time! If you think, on the evidence you have in your possession, you can persuade the authorities to issue a warrant, go ahead!"

Farren appeared to be sizing Dorreli up; he was biting his lip.

"I *know* I could get them to issue a warrant!"

The other laughed.

"Don't laugh, or I may be tempted to——"

"Offer me violence?"

"No; that insane desire has gone. Why should I risk the law myself when I have you as completely in my power as though the hangman's noose were already round your neck? Shall I continue?"

Dorreli's face was pale.

"There are other crimes for which they hang besides murder—one of them is called 'treason'! I don't doubt it would be the easiest thing in the world to get an extradition warrant . . . or perhaps it's beheading in Bovonia!"

"God!"

"Shall I go on? Do you want me to tell you that I know who you are? That although my father is dead he has left a paper behind him which in the right hands would——"

For almost the first time in his life there was fear in Dorreli's face; he backed across the room as though from some foe visible only to himself.

"Will you give me that document *now*, Count Dorreli?"

It was almost as if Dorreli knew something of what was passing in the other's mind; knew that Farren's

(Continued on page 134.)

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HIS WOMAN OF MYSTERY *(contd. from page 133.)* hands were tied, that in that paper he'd found in Sir John's safe the old man had pleaded with him not to make public its contents, to the detriment of Dorreli.

"I have no more to say to you, Sir Beresford Farren, but good day! Do your best, your worst! Soon news will come from Bovonia. If it's good news I shall go back there—a free man! If it's bad news—well, I shall have nothing to live for! I shan't care what happens then!"

Farren came back.

"Look here, Count Dorreli, I don't, can't agree with murder. But when I read that letter my father left behind, to a certain extent my sympathies were with you. I could understand the feelings that moved you. I might have done the same had I been so placed; but"—and his voice changed—"my father is dead; done to death by you!"

"Stop! That's where you're wrong! Your father was a great friend of *somebody* in Bovonia. He knew of me, not under the name of Dorreli. But he couldn't speak; he'd given his word to that 'someone.' The others *had* to die; they were in the way, but I had no hand in killing your father; it was the work of a man—mad, if you will, but devoted to me and my cause. Sir John had grossly insulted me, had the doors of decent society closed upon me. That was enough! I wouldn't have had your father die for the world. I knew nothing of it until it was too late. That is the truth, Sir Beresford. You *can't* go to the police. Sir John gave his word to"—he stopped—"to 'somebody' in Bovonia; and although a barrier divides your father from us, Sir John's word is still binding on *you*." He went on again. "Some day, if—if it's bad news that comes from Bovonia, I might give you that paper, and then you'll marry your 'Woman of Mystery.'"

Farren went out without a word. There was not much that was not clear to him now; only one thing—the hold that Count Dorreli had on Madame Cyvanie. The paper Dorreli had spoken of alone could tell him that, or the 'Woman of Mystery' herself!

In Jermyn Street he saw someone coming towards him, in the direction of Dorreli's chambers; he drew close to the wall, waited, then sprang out. The other avoided him and leapt clear.

"Stop that man!" Farren cried. "Stop him! He's wanted for murder!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A Promise of Marriage.

PIETRO PASCA dived along the street, and was yards away before anybody could touch him. Farren feared he was going to get clear when someone caught him roughly by the arm and shoulder and flung him round. They fell to the ground. The foreigner struggled like a demon; others were running towards them. The pair were on their feet now; there was a great deal of shouting, of cursing, then something flashed brightly.

"Look out! He's got a knife!" somebody cried.

Farren made a grab at the arm as it descended. He looked at the hand; it held the "star-dagger"! Pasca was doing all he was capable of to twist the point of the weapon against himself. It seemed incredible to think that this small man could be possessed of such enormous strength.

There were thoughts running through Farren's mind. What could this man tell if he would, of the 'Woman of Mystery'? Pasca's arm was free, the dagger raised high in the air.

"Hold him! Don't let him hurt himself!"

With a suddenness that was awful the blade descended—once, twice. The weapon dropped from his fingers, clattered on to the pavement, rolled into the gutter, red-stained—the foreigner's clothes, too.

"Long live Carmero of Bovonia! Carmero and the cause!" he screamed. "Now take me—take me!"

They did; but they didn't place him in a cell. The doctor examined him. He didn't dress his wounds; his examination had told him there was no need, nor any need to put him under lock and key; so they just laid a white sheet over him, nothing more. Fanatic—perhaps madman—but Pietro Pasca was one of those who make history, good or bad. Loyal to a cause, wrong or right; prepared to die a martyr to it.

* * * *

Dorreli saw the crowds of people outside his chambers, saw without knowing what they meant; and he didn't inquire, for of late he had grown to hate crowds, so he avoided them.

It was that evening when he saw the placards:

"ANOTHER STAR-CRIME!"

He bought a paper, and a fearful depression settled on him. Was this the finish, was it, was it? Pietro Pasca was dead. Dorreli knew he'd died silent. Pasca was devoted to him; nothing could make him speak! He called a taxi and went back to his chambers; he sat there, the minutes dragged themselves away—sat staring at nothing.

Then suddenly he rose. He seemed to have made up his mind. He went to his room, thence into the bathroom. When he came out his appearance had altered considerably. The black, heavy moustache had gone; it made such a difference! He rang the bell.

"Call a taxi," he said peremptorily.

Soon he was being whirled along. When he reached his destination he might be disappointed, might have had his journey for nothing. This fear was still with him when he stood outside a door awaiting an answer to his impatient summons. Then he heaved a sigh of relief; he knew he was not to be disappointed, for the person who opened the door was the "Woman of Mystery" herself!

She didn't seem surprised to see him; she didn't even hesitate about letting him in. She was still in her old flat. Try as she would, she'd found it impossible to get another. It seemed foolish to think that in the whole of London there were no rooms she could take. But people *knew*; her name was on everyone's tongue still; and there was none who cared to have her for a neighbour. She had already received an intimation that her present flat would be required at the end of the usual notice-time. And the formal order to quit was inclosed in the same envelope!

She let Dorreli through the hall and into her bizarre sanctum—that room of all places, where Sir John Farren had met his untimely end!

"Pasca's dead! Killed himself!" he said abruptly.

"I know; I've seen the papers. Is that what you came here to tell me, Count Dorreli?" She was looking at his shaved upper lip curiously.

Farren feared that Pasca was going to get clear when someone caught him roughly by the arm and shoulder and swung him round.

"He died loyal"—as though he hadn't heard her words.

"Yes, too loyal!" she replied.

There was a question in his eyes.

"I thought you said you'd seen the papers?"

"I have—just the brief account of how he died, of the dagger!"

"Then you don't know that he spoke of you?" said Dorreli.

"Betrayed me?"

"If you recall it, I said he was 'loyal'!"

From a small table she picked up a newspaper and switched on more lights. The man took it from her fingers; then his eyes fastened on a phrase:

"Long live Carmero of Bovonia—Carmero and the cause!"

"Well, what of that? 'Carmero'! What does that convey?"

"Do you think that before long 'Carmero' and 'Dorreli' won't be synonymous terms? And then——"

"And then, dear lady?" She shrugged her shoulders.

"I had a visit to-day from"—he paused—"Sir Beresford Farren!"

He heard her take in her breath sharply. She knew he was looking at her, so she forced her glance to meet his. "Well?"

"He's made a discovery."

"About what?"

"He knows who I am!"

She stared hard at him. "And the rest?"

"He knows the rest—all there is to know. And what he didn't know you told him!"

"What do you mean?"

"Madame Cyvanie, why did you tell him about that document I hold with your signature attached?"

She lifted her head and looked straight at him. "Count Carmero," she said quietly, "ever since a certain time my life has been a hell—the time when I fell in with you and swore to do certain things. But bad as it was, it didn't matter much until—until I met somebody on a certain night. There had been so much of doubt, and so much to *make* him doubt, that I told him of the existence of that document, but, I swear, no more!"

"There is no need to swear, Madame Cyvanie. He came to me to try and strike a bargain."

"And that?" Her heart was beating fast.

"He wanted that paper. Do you know, I admire Sir Beresford Farren; he has those same qualities that helped to make his poor father what he was; admire him almost as much as I——" He broke off.

She never remembered seeing *this* on his face before. Perhaps it was because his moustache had hidden it—perhaps not—but his lips were trembling; there was a softened expression in every line of his features.

"You think, Madame Cyvanie, with many others—that I'm all that is bad. If to sacrifice everything to ambition is that, then I am bad—to the core! That ambition will soon be realised, or the finish will be at hand! Any moment I am expecting news from Bovonia. I should be there now, but I'm advised that it would be impossible to get into the country; and, as you know, my death would—well, you know what *that* would mean!

"Sir Beresford Farren came to bargain with me; now I am here to bargain with you!"

He was pacing the floor. She followed him with her eyes. What was it that was passing through his mind?

To bargain with *her?* What, what? Then he stopped, just in front of her. He pulled himself up—a magnificent specimen of manhood.

"Cyvanie," he said. He saw her colour. "I called you that before, in Italy. I'll call you that now. It might be for the last time. In a day, an hour—at any moment, the news will come, the news I've waited for—struggled for long months. This is my bargain. Should the news be good—that you come back with me to Bovonia, back as the Countess Carmero; the news bad, then that paper shall be given to you. With that destroyed, there is nothing that could touch you, and you will be free to marry this man you love!"

Count Carmero wanted to marry her; she couldn't grasp it. He hated her, loathed her; she'd always known that, almost as much as she hated and loathed him!

"Back with you—as your wife?"

There was still the quivering at his lips; she wished he would not look at her like that; it made her almost feel sorry for him.

"I followed you across the seas, have never lost sight of you for an instant. Why? Have you ever asked yourself the reason?"

"Because I was trying to escape from you!" Indeed, there was fear in her eyes again, but the same kind of fear that this man had always inspired before; another kind—a kind that hurt.

"Cyvanie, there's scarcely been a moment when I couldn't have laid hands on you had I desired, yet you were left free. I wouldn't have harmed a hair of your head. Away from me, when no one has known, I've suffered a hell. You've seen nothing but the cold side of my nature. I wanted your love, Cyvanie; I wanted to see that look in your eyes for me that I've seen for another. I'd give my life for your love! I can't have that now, I know, but I can—I must win you!"

"Love me! You'd have me believe you love me! You let me stand in peril of my life twice, and——"

But he broke in on her fiercely. "When—when? Not once have you been in danger; although you were commanded to kill the Prince, and then I, Farren, you would never have been allowed to live either! Listen, and then see if you've been in peril!

"The Prince Luigi was killed. Pasca stood hiding a long while after you'd left before he killed the Prince's life, so that you'd have no difficulty in proving an *alibi*. And this—this unfortunate death of Sir John Farren; you were in no danger there. Had things gone wrong with you, Pasca would have spoken and taken your place!"

And then the "Woman of Mystery" tried to realise what manner of man this really was.

"Your answer, Cyvanie—if all goes well, my love, my honoured wife; if things go ill, your freedom. The alternative, an outcast, hunted by men of Bovonia, rest nowhere! Which is it to be—which—which?"

There was a thundering in her ears. If things went wrong, and people knew—what that paper could do to them, marriage with Farren would be out of the question, or even if things went right in Bovonia and the Count returned a free man, the same thing applied if he made public that document; on the other hand, it was a chance, the odds were equal.

"I love you!" he cried vehemently; "as much as more than this man; your answer, quick, your answer!"

She could feel his breath upon her cheeks.

"Yes!" *(To be concluded.)*

"The Better Man," a fine boxing story, appears in this week's SCOUT.

My "Fight to Live."

Told to Mr. P. Doubleyou by Mr. Alfred Pearse, the black and white and poster artist.

[Mr. Alfred Pearse has had one of the most adventurous lives imaginable. He has met with between thirty and forty serious accidents, several of them veritable struggles with death at close quarters, and in the following interview he tells part of the story of his amazing "fight to live" up-to-date.]

Nearly drowned three times.
Thrown from the top of an omnibus five times.
Fallen from Beachy Head.
Fallen between a train and a platform.
"Hanged" by a madman.
In a trance three times.
Certified as dead.
Shot at.
Drugged with a view to murder and robbery.
Bitten by a red spider.

"That," laughed Mr. Alfred Pearse to me, "is a sort of tabulated list of my escapes from death so far. The list is not quite complete; I might add several more things to it if I sat down and thought hard. But it will do to go on with."

At first sight Mr. Pearse is not quite the sort of person you would suspect of making a hobby of dodging death, so to speak. He is a little, bespectacled man with a charming, mild manner and a rolling, infectious sort of laugh. But there is no mistaking his amazing fund of vitality; he has the quick, springy step of a boxer—boxing is one of his passions in life, and he insists that he is "never tired."

At Grips With a Maniac.

"The secret of getting out of a tight corner lies in keeping your wits about you," he told me. "I have always striven to do that, and it has always worked so far. That was, I am convinced, how I saved myself the very first time I was seriously menaced. It was this way:

"There was a certain friend of my family whom I will call Smith, because that was nothing like his real name. We all knew that Smith was crazy—he used to boast that he had killed his wife, among other pleasant things—but we never paid much attention to his oddities. He seemed fairly harmless.

"Now, when I was sixteen I was learning wood engraving with a firm in Paternoster Row. Well, one day the head of the firm rushed into the workshop and exclaimed, 'There's a maniac outside on the stairs!'

"'Smith,' flashed into my mind suddenly, and I went outside to see if it was he. It was. There was Smith, then about seventy, in his long Inverness coat, his hat and umbrella lying on the stairs, more wild-eyed than I had ever seen him.

"Before I knew what was happening he had seized me in his big, bony hands—he was immensely powerful—and gripped me by the shoulder and the back of the neck. 'Alfred,' he said, lifting me off my feet and holding me over the banisters, 'I'm going to drop you down there.'

"Aren't You Afraid?"

"'Down there' was about sixty feet to the ground floor. He held me for some seconds probably, during which time I was chiefly occupied in wondering how I could fall and save myself. Then: 'Well, aren't you afraid?' he asked.

"'No,' I managed to blurt out somehow, 'no, I'm not, because I know you will pull me back.' I didn't know anything of the sort, of course, but the confident words had an effect by no means unusual on madmen, I believe; they turned him from his purpose.

"Without a word he drew me back, set me down on the stairs, and fled, leaving his hat and umbrella behind him. I never saw him again.

"A fellow-student of mine happened to be on the stairs at the time and saw the whole affair. It petrified him so that he had to stand still and could not utter a word, which was lucky for me; if he had moved or cried out it would probably have 'broken the spell,' and I should have been dropped. He was ill for a week afterwards, but I was all right by the following day."

But this awful ordeal was not the first that Mr. Pearse passed through; long before he was sixteen he had heard his own death pronounced!

"I had had some childish illness and fell into a trance," he explained. "I remember lying on a bed, conscious of what was going on around me, but quite unable to move or make a sound. I seemed to have got 'outside' my body.

"Presently the doctor came, looked at me, and said, 'I'll give you the death certificate in the morning.' To the amazement of him and my family, I was up and about by the morning, however.

"On two other occasions I have been in a trance. It starts with a 'vacant' sort of feeling near the nape of my neck, and 'coming to' subsequently gives me agony. The first trance lasted about five minutes, my second a quarter of an hour, my third twenty-five minutes."

The three occasions on which Alfred Pearse has been nearly drowned in the Thames—he cannot swim—are minor happenings compared with other mishaps which have befallen him. One of his five omnibus accidents, for instance.

Thrown Off a Skidding 'Bus.

"If it had not been for what an old Sanger's Circus clown, named Holloway, taught me when I was a boy, I should not be talking to you now," he said. "Holloway taught me all sorts of tricks, among them how to throw a back somersault. Well, this is how I once applied that knowledge, and saved my life.

"I had jumped on to a 'bus in the Strand and had reached the top outside step when the 'bus skidded and I was thrown clean off. I was falling on to the back of my head, but, thanks to Holloway's training, I managed to turn over in the air and land on my feet. I was paralysed from the waist downwards for some time afterwards, but that was preferable to a fractured skull or a broken neck.

"Another time I stepped off one 'bus only to be violently and instantly butted in the small of the back by another one. I went quite ten yards through space before landing on the side of my face. A curious point about that accident was that everything I had in every pocket was shot out and scattered to the winds. When I mentioned that I had lost my money to the two 'Weary Willie's' who evinced a solicitude in helping me to collect myself they vanished hastily.

How I Was Drugged.

"It was somewhere in Woolwich that I was drugged. I had been sketching at the R.W. Academy and missed lunch, and so I incautiously ventured into what had every appearance of being a restaurant and ordered a chop and some tea. I wanted to have it downstairs, but, rather to my surprise, the proprietor, or whatever he was, insisted that I should go on to the third floor, as they 'didn't serve chops downstairs.'

"I went on to the third floor, and presently my meal came. The first thing I noticed was that the chop and the butter seemed to have been sprinkled with salt. I left the latter severely alone, and carefully scraped the chop before I ate any of it. If I had not been so very hungry I would have left it severely alone, too.

"I remember going downstairs and paying my bill, and that the man almost fell back in astonishment when I did so, but I knew no more until I woke up and found myself in a hansom cab in the Marylebone Road. The driver declared I had told him to take me to St. John's Wood!

"'But I don't want to go there!' I protested; 'where did you pick me up?'

Isn't Insured Against Accidents.

"'At Fenchurch Street Station,' he said. How I ever got to Fenchurch Street Station after leaving the restaurant place I haven't the least idea. The police theory was that, attracted by the valuable fur coat I was wearing that day, I had been drugged with a view to being robbed and subsequently thrown into the Thames. But although I went down to Woolwich with a policeman, I never found the restaurant again. All I knew was that it was painted green and gold.

"But, as the policeman pointed out, that wasn't much of a clue—'Why, sir, they paint these places every fortnight!'"

Oddly, enough, Mr. Pearse is not now insured against accidents.

"My last company said they would rather not have me as a client again," he laughed. "I had drawn out twenty pounds more than I had paid in altogether, you see."

In addition to his "accident championship" claims, Mr. Pearse has been told that he is the greatest spiritualistic medium alive.

HIRING ARMIES FOR BATTLE FILMS

The Work, Pay, and Prospects of the Picture Play "Super."

THE number of actors and actresses who are engaged for the rehearsals of some of the gigantic moving picture productions of the present day is enormous, being far in excess of the requirements of any ordinary theatrical play performed within doors.

Thus in *Quo Vadis* no fewer than 4,000 supers were employed for several weeks on end, and a temporary barracks had to be built for their accommodation.

When the British and Colonial Company were filming their *Belle of Bettws-y-coed*, and the other Welsh plays that are now being shown at the picture theatres, the entire trade of Llanrwst, near where the final rehearsals took place, was at a standstill for the time being.

The proprietors of one large emporium closed their doors altogether, and allowed the young ladies of their staff to act as supers attired in the Welsh national costume. The local schools were also closed, and the children, or many of them at all events, appeared in the films.

In America, where Civil War films and Indian "massacre" pictures are all the rage, it frequently happens that an entire regiment of soldiers is struck off duty for the time being, in order that they may earn something extra by posing as supers in some particularly ambitious production. Thus, in the picture of the Massacre, filmed by the Biograph Company, no fewer than 300 cavalry and twice as many Indians took part in the play. The Indians were real Indians, and they were given a horse apiece as the price of their services.

5s. a Day, Meals, and Fares.

As a rule, ordinary supers over there are paid at the rate of two dollars (about eight shillings) a day. In England they get five shillings and upwards, in addition to free meals and their railway fares, but the number of applicants is far in excess of the demand. The B. and C., for example, have upon their books at this present moment over 800 names of people who are willing to play as supers in their productions.

Mostly they are, or have been, actors on the legitimate stage and many are expected to be expert swimmers, riders, and athletes.

They must be prepared, too, to accept strange parts at a moment's notice—to be blacked as Zulus, painted as Indians, robed as highwaymen, or attired as sailors; and they must be able to look the part they represent.

Of course, in the case of really big British productions, filmed at a distance from London, it occasionally happens that quite big "mobs" of supers have to be recruited on the spot, and this sometimes gives rise to curious happenings.

Once, for instance, a certain company was filming a strike story, and the docks of the seaside town where the scene was laid were ransacked for character types. A particularly fine lot of unshaven and unkempt out-of-works was collected, and at the close of the day's performance the director, elated at his success, paid them off, with instructions that they were to report again the following morning for additional scenes, which would complete the production.

Toffed Up to Kill.

To his chagrin and surprise, however, when his motley crew next put in an appearance, practically every man had been shaven and shorn, and stood before him resplendent in white shirts, collars, and ties, and the best clothes they could muster.

Then there is the story of the new super who proved himself a really capable actor, and was complimented as such by the manager after the first rehearsal. When, after the usual fifteen minutes' rest, the company fell into their places again for another trial rehearsal, it was noticed that this particular super remained leaning against a tree regarding the other actors and actresses with a supercilious air.

"Come on!" cried the manager impatiently. "You've got to go through this scene again, my man."

"Why, what's the use?" said the new super, stifling a yawn. "I did it all right the first time, didn't I?"

As regards the super's prospects—well, they are not brilliant. Usually he remains a super to the end of the chapter. But there are exceptions. The immortal John Bunny, for instance, from being a super, has risen to be the J. L. Toole of the moving-picture stage.

By Hook or by Crookery Purchase HOME COOKERY.

The World's Best Stories

The Vacant Chair.

PADEREWSKI, the famous pianist, was in London recently and gave a very successful concert.

On one occasion, just before one of his recitals, Paderewski was stopped in the entrance-hall by an excited lady.

"Oh, M. Paderewski," she exclaimed, "I am so glad to see you! I want so much to hear you play, but they tell me there isn't a seat left. Now, *do* try to find me a seat somewhere. I'm sure they'll let me in if you ask them to. Please!"

Paderewski bowed very gravely. "Madame," he said, "I shall be delighted to help you. There is one seat in the hall at my disposal, and you can take that if you care to."

"Oh, that's too sweet of you!" the lady gushed. "I'll take it with pleasure. Where is it?"

"At the piano!" replied Paderewski.

A Regular Event.

THE statement that comes from America that Mr. Nat Goodwin, the well-known actor, has retired from the stage, recalls a story told in connection with Mr. Goodwin's many marriages.

He has been married four or five times—or is it six?—and just before his latest some friends were discussing the coming ceremony.

"Are you invited to the wedding?" one of them asked another.

"Not yet, but I'm sure to be," was the reply. "Nat always asks me to *all* his weddings!"

Slim Sarah.

THE death of Henri Rochefort, the great French journalist, has recalled many stories of his wit.

In the days when Sarah Bernhardt's extraordinary thinness was the joke of Paris, Rochefort wrote: "An *empty* cab drove up to the theatre, *and Sarah Bernhardt alighted from it!*"

Very Sad for Them.

THIS little story is being told of Miss Daisy Markham, the young actress who was recently awarded £50,000 for breach of promise.

When Mr. Alan Aynesworth was rehearsing her in Mr. Temple Thurston's play, "Sally Bishop," he was not quite satisfied with the way Miss Markham played a certain scene.

He explained that he wanted her to show more emotion. "Try and think you are in great grief," he said. "Try to look and speak as though you were very unhappy."

"Very good," said Miss Markham, who evidently did not think much of Mr. Thurston's play, "I'll try to think I'm one of the people who have paid to see the play."

Wasted Sarcasm.

SIGNOR CARUSO was telling a story recently about a lady who went to a friend of his, a famous singing master, and said she wanted him to train her voice. She explained that she was in a great hurry, as she was going abroad in a week or two, and would he please start training her voice at once. "I want," she said, "twenty-five lessons before I sail."

"That is quite impossible, madame," replied the master, "you cannot hurry the voice in that way."

"Why not?" demanded the lady. "I've got plenty of time, and I can take two lessons a day."

The horrified master tried sarcasm. "Or, perhaps," he suggested bitingly, "you would care to take the whole twenty-five lessons right on end, one after the other!"

"Splendid!" exclaimed the delighted lady. "When shall we start?"

Behind a Smiling Face.

AN amusing story is being told in Bristol in connection with King George's visit to the Royal Show.

When he unexpectedly turned aside to examine a cottage that was exhibited, the only person there to receive him was a very big burly farmer, a member of the local committee. Instead of coming forward to do the honours, he backed hurriedly towards the garden fence and stood there, apparently glued to the spot, and desperately gripping the rail of the fence behind him.

The King smiled encouragingly, and the farmer grinned back, and for a few seconds there was an obvious hitch in the proceedings. Then somebody else in authority came hurriedly up, and the King entered the cottage. Only then did the big farmer move, and when he stepped forward with a sigh of relief there was disclosed a very small and very angry Suffragette, who was promptly hustled off the inclosure.

The farmer had seen her creeping suspiciously up as the royal visitor approached, and he had promptly backed her against the fence and pinned her there, so that while the King waited for him to come forward the poor farmer could only smile bravely while the little Suffragette hacked viciously at his heels!

Easier to Remember.

THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, the centenary of whose birth is being celebrated, had a rather defective memory at times.

When he was making the announcements for the coming week one Sunday he wanted to intimate that he would not be the preacher on the following Sunday, and that the pulpit would be occupied by his son-in-law, the Rev. Samuel Scoville, but at the last moment his memory went astray.

"In addition to the notices just read," he announced, "I desire to say that I shall not be preaching here next Sabbath, and the pulpit will be occupied by—by—the pulpit will be occupied by—by—by——"

After he had stammered for a few seconds he tried again. "I shall not be here next Sabbath, and the preacher will be—will be—be——" Here he broke off with a touch of exasperation: "Why, I know him quite well. You *all* know him. He married my daughter! Oh, I remember!" And he proceeded gravely: "*Sam* will preach here next Sabbath."

Real Politeness.

MR. FRANCIS W. H. CAVENDISH, who has just published his diary, tells a quaint little story of a riot in a Continental capital some years ago.

A nobleman was thrown from the windows of the Royal Palace, and his secretary was thrown after him. Neither was much hurt, and the humble secretary picked himself up and offered profuse apologies for having dared to alight on his noble master!

A Height Record.

A FUNNY story is being told in the Aero Club just now.

The height-recording barographs used by Mr. Hawker in his high flight at Brooklands in the Sopwith biplane were afterwards sent to the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington to be tested for accuracy, and a few days later the secretary of the Aero Club telephoned out to Teddington to ask about them.

"What is the height recorded on those barographs?" he asked.

"I don't know," was the reply, "but if you'll hold on a minute I'll go and find out."

After a few minutes another voice called out: "Are you there? I should think the height would be about one foot eight inches."

"*What!*" gasped the secretary. "What on earth do you mean? I expect the height is nearer thirteen thousand feet!"

"Who are you getting at?" demanded the voice at the laboratory end of the wire.

The secretary started to explain patiently: "I want to know the height recorded on the barographs that were sent by the Aero Club to be tested."

"Oh, I don't know anything about barographs," came the answer. "I'm the gardener. I thought you wanted to know the record height for *asparagus!*"

Expected Something Great.

IN Mr. Justice Darling's court recently, a witness declared that the defendant had used a "disgusting" word in speaking to him. Counsel pressed him to give the actual word, but the witness declared he was unwilling to say it.

After a little persuasion, however, when the whole court had been worked up into a state of intense curiosity as to the "disgustingness" of the word, the witness admitted that the word was simply "confounded"!

Mr. Justice Darling remarked sadly: "I was never so disappointed in my life!"

EVER PLAYED "CUTTY"?

Little Jimmy, of Milton Alley, Tells His Friends About Some Games He Played in the Country.

THEY had tired of playing "Cutty" in Milton Alley, for the children were all hot and breathless. "Cutty" is a kind of leap-frog, and it is a very tiring game. The leader, or "Cutty," makes a long jump over a bent back, and the other players have to follow suit. Even Jim Moggs, the champion of the alley, was glad to take a seat on the doorstep, with Bill, Joe, and Ted, for a brief breathing space.

"Wunst," said Jim Moggs presently, "I met some blokes wot 'ad never played 'Cutty.'"

"Garn!"

The exclamation was contemptuous, and came in chorus from Bill, Joe, and Fred.

"Straight!" protested Jim. "It was when I went to the country a-long the Fresh Air Fund. Stayed there a fortnight I did, and 'ad the primest time yer know of."

"And do yer mean to say," said Bill, "that dam in the country they don't know anythink about 'Cutty'?"

"'Strue, they don't! I taught them ter play, I did, an' they taught me some o' their games."

"Wot do they play in the country, then?"

A Meadow Instead of a Slum.

All Jim's listeners were interested now.

"I'll tell yer abart it. Yer see, fust evenin' I got there I went out in the grass wot they calls a medder, an' they talks abart games. 'Ave a game o' '"Cutty,"' I says, but there weren't no one 'ad ever played it. So I sets art to show 'ow it were done. 'Corse I was 'Cutty,' an' there weren't a country kid as could get over the lines I made. They weren't 'arf duffers at it neither, but they 'joyed the game. It makes a lot o' difference, playing in a medder, 'cos it ain't a bit like this 'ere."

Jim glanced round the squalid court, and shuddered, for a vision had arisen before his eyes of a wide expanse of glorious green grass.

"Go on, Jim!"

"Well, arter we'd played 'Cutty,' they took an' showed me a game wot they called 'Egg-cap.' It were somethink like I'd played before, only they done it diff'rent. Fust they laid two or three 'ats on the ground darn by the 'edge, then we stood a bit back, an' took turns to throw a ball at the 'ats. 'Oose 'at the ball fell in 'ad to pick it art an' shy it at one of us. If 'e missed 'e 'ad an egg put in 'is 'at; if it 'it anyone, the feller 'e 'it 'ad an egg in 'is 'at. When yer had three eggs in yer 'at, yer were out o' the game."

"Real eggs?"

How Jimmy Got Some Eggs.

"'Corse they were. Doncherknow as there's allus lots of eggs in the country? All we 'ad ter do was ter go to the 'en-'ouse an' take out as many as we wanted. I tell yer I 'joyed 'Egg-cap,' 'cos I rumbled to a good idea. When I 'ad ter throw the ball at anyone I allus missed, consequent I 'ad three eggs in my 'at, an' I says that they belong to me. The farmer wot really owned the eggs 'e just larf, an' says that when I goes back 'ome I could take a box o' them with me. An' I did!

"'Nother game we played was getting apples outer buckets o' water wiv our teeth. In one evenin' I reckon I 'ad abart seven or eight apples, an' they weren't 'arf lovely. I could 'ave played the game orl my life. It was a game—if—yer like!"

Jim Moggs paused for breath, and a ragged coat-sleeve was drawn across his glistening eyes. There was a long silence, then Ted spoke.

"The country must be a wonderful place, Jim."

"Wonderful!" breathed Jim Moggs. "Wonderful ain't the word for it. You oughter see it, Ted, you really oughter. You'd never fergit it as long as yer live."

"I wonder if I shall ever see it," murmured Ted, and his lip was trembling.

* * * *

Whether Bill or Ted and the thousands of other poor children who have never seen the country will visit it this year depends on you. Please send ninepence to the Fresh Air Fund.

There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. All expenses are borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Limited, the *Daily Express* Limited, the *Standard* Newspapers Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Ninepence pays for a day's happiness for a child; £8 2s. pays for a complete party of 200, with the necessary attendants. Cheques and money orders should be made payable to the Fresh Air Fund, and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper.

(A list of subscriptions to the Fresh Air Fund appears on the page opposite.)

A series of splendid physical culture exercises are described in this week's SCOUT, the best paper for boys.

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Caught 'Black-handed'

Telling How Lieutenant Daring Saved the Life of the Prince of Wales.

The Prince of Wales took his seat in the aeroplane. Lieutenant Daring followed him, getting into the driver's place. A mechanic started the propeller whirring swiftly and noisily, and the machine began to move forward along the ground preparatory to rising.

It was the first time that the Prince of Wales, or, for that matter, any member of the Royal Family, had essayed a flight in the air, and a tremendous cheering crowd had assembled to watch.

Lieutenant Daring had been specially selected for the honour of being the first airman to take up the heir to the throne The young sailor was a brilliant aeronaut, and this, together with the fact that the King himself had had personal experience of Daring's abilities and resource, had led to his choice for the very responsible task.

It had been decided that the flight should be a circular one, lasting about half an hour; and as the beautiful machine soared up from the ground and hummed its way through the air, the experts looking after it nodded their heads with satisfaction and told each other that everything appeared to be all right.

Sitting next to Daring, the Prince of Wales showed a keen interest in the aeroplane and its mechanism. So far as the noise of the engine and the force of the wind would allow he talked animatedly, asking numerous questions.

Daring, expert to the finger-tips in aeronautic matters, explained things, occasionally breaking off to point out some spot of interest down below in the country over which they were flying. For ten minutes or so they went smoothly and steadily on. The engine worked well, and there was not too much wind.

But presently it was borne upon Daring that everything was not quite as it should have been. The planes were in order, but the all-important engine was seemingly not. Exactly what was amiss with it he could not tell in mid-air, but that it was ceasing to work normally he realised.

The fact puzzled and alarmed him. He had flown the machine a dozen times before without discovering any fault in it, and he had gone over it very thoroughly an hour ago. Daring felt convinced that no part of the engine could be worn out or had become displaced since they started, and he began to think that it must have been tampered with between his overhauling it and the start of the flight.

It would have been difficult, but by no means impossible, for someone to have got at the machine. At the busy flying-grounds where it was kept no special precautions in keeping watch over machines were considered necessary, and a large number of men were employed. A mechanic, or someone dressed as a mechanic, might easily have approached the aeroplane and tampered with it without arousing any great suspicion if he had watched his opportunity. One of Daring's own men might have done so.

But there was no time for conjecture. The engine was gradually getting more eccentric in its behaviour, and Daring dare not run any risks with his royal passenger.

With a remark about the wind getting stronger, he began to turn the machine and sweep round in a circle.

"Can't we go on a little longer?" asked the Prince disappointedly. "I'm enjoying it immensely."

"I am sorry, sir," said Daring, continuing to turn, "but I don't altogether trust the wind. I think we had better get back as soon as we can." For several reasons he did not wish to tell the Prince the exact truth.

Several times during the flight back Daring's nerves were tried to the utmost by the behaviour of his engine, and he felt a great wave of thankfulness and relief come over him when at last he was able to stop it and plane down to earth. At any moment the engine might have given way and the aeroplane's occupants have been tumbled to almost certain death.

The Prince of Wales and Daring were both smiling when they reached the ground and stepped out of the aeroplane, and the former had no idea of what a narrow escape he had had. Nor did Daring enlighten him. If there had been any foul play attempted it was probable that the author was on the flying-grounds and watching the way things were going, and it might be necessary to proceed very cautiously in order to catch him.

As soon as the Prince had gone Daring gave his attention to the aeroplane. In apparently the most casual way he looked over its parts, giving just a glance to the engine. But that cursory look was sufficient to show him that the carburetter had been tampered with. It had been filled with water, and at any instant the engine might have stopped working in mid-air and the aeroplane, deprived of motive power, have become a total wreck.

That there had been a deliberate plot against the life of the Prince of Wales—and, incidentally, himself—was plain to Daring. But he said nothing and gave no sign that he knew. He handed the machine over to the care of his mechanics and went thoughtfully away to wash and change. From his manner no one could have told anything.

Suddenly, as he washed his hands, a thought struck him; he remembered a schoolboy trick by which, given a little luck, he would be able to lay his hands upon whoever dared to tamper with his engine again.

For some reason Daring smiled at his thoughts, and he was very glad that the Prince of Wales had so openly expressed his enjoyment of the flight when they got back to earth.

"I think the Prince and I will have to take another little spin to-morrow," he murmured gleefully to himself.

* * * *

At noon on the following day Daring alighted after a short morning flight in the machine in which he had had such a narrow escape from death the day before.

He had of course expressed great amazement when one of his mechanics had come and told him about the water in the carburetter. It was part of the game he was playing to assume utter ignorance concerning the attempt to wreck his aeroplane, and he had no intention of letting it be known that he had discovered—or even suspected—anything.

The man who told him—an Austrian named Freyberg, a very clever young engineer, was very excited over the affair.

"You did not know when you and ze Prince fly?" he said eagerly.

Daring shook his head.

"Luck was with us, I suppose. Another time it might have been against us, and we should have been killed. I am glad you found out, but I don't think anyone will try on the same trick again. The Prince is flying with me again this afternoon, by the way, Freyberg."

"Ze Prince? Zis afternoon, sir?"

There was an unusual eagerness in the man's voice which did not escape Daring's attention. He nodded carelessly.

"Yes; at three o'clock. We'll overhaul everything thoroughly directly after lunch. Tell the others, will you?"

Daring personally went over the engine himself after lunch, while Freyberg and two other mechanics saw to the planes and other parts of the machine. They had finished their testing and repairing by two o'clock, and then Daring dismissed them.

"That'll do for to-day." He laughed. "I think we can leave her alone in the knowledge that she's all right this time, eh? I don't think that the gentleman who played monkey-tricks yesterday will bother us to-day. Leave her alone now, men, she'll be quite safe where she is; no one will touch her between now and three, I'm betting. Be ready by a quarter to three. I'm going to see to the arrangements for the Prince's reception now."

The last words were said with deliberate intent. If the would-be wrecker was among the three mechanics, Daring wanted to convey to him the information that the machine would not be watched. His chief desire was to get the man, whoever he was, to tamper with the aeroplane again, to give him a clear field for the carrying out of his projects. Besides, there was no need to watch; Daring had thought of a trick worth two of that.

If smoking a couple of pipes, lazily going through the pages of a popular magazine, and making a telephone-call to the nearest police-station constituted "seeing to the arrangements for the Prince's reception," Daring performed his task admirably. He did all these things after he left the aeroplane and the mechanics, and punctually at a quarter to three he was out again.

It was a perfect day for flying, but apparently the public were not aware that the Prince of Wales was "going up," as they had been on the previous day. Hardly any spectators were present, and the two policemen standing rather aimlessly about seemed a trifle superfluous.

Daring just glanced over the various parts of the aeroplane; there was no water in the carburetter this time, while the three mechanics stood by in case they were wanted.

"Well," he smiled, "our friend does not seem to have been very busy this afternoon. I don't think that the Prince and I will come down through his efforts, anyhow." He looked at the three men. "Oh, by the way," he remarked casually, "he noticed some rather dirty hands among us yesterday and made a remark about them. I think we'd better all have a wash; we don't want him to think that all flying-men are tramps."

He led the way to some pails of water inside the hangar and plunged his hands into one of them. The others followed his example.

"No soap, but never mind, it'll—— Hullo, Freyberg! What's up, eh?"

The foreigner had suddenly given a little exclamation of disgust, and Daring had turned upon him at once.

"Ze water," cried the Austrian; "eet ees ink."

"Quite so—ink, my friend," said Daring, stepping very close to him, and towering over him. "You have made the ink yourself. When I went over the engine of my aeroplane an hour ago I carefully powdered all the parts of it with the dust of gall-nuts, from which ink is made. You have obviously been touching the engine since, for directly you put your gall-nut covered hands into that pail, into which I took the precaution to drop some sulphurous acid, you produce ink."

He put his hand—a big, heavy hand on the foreigner's shoulder.

"Now, then, my young friend, the game's up, and it's no good spluttering or struggling like you are. You're caught black-handed, so to speak. You can't be allowed to go about trying to murder people—our future King, among others—whatever your anarchist society, or whatever gang you belong to, orders you to do."

He gripped the wretched Freyberg firmer than ever. Then he turned to the other mechanics.

"The Prince isn't coming here this afternoon; he never was coming," he said, "so you can help me. "You, Bennett, take this young fellow's other arm, and you, Lee, just go and ask those two policemen outside to step here, will you?"

WARNED OFF.

Park Admirer (soliloquising): "It is a pleasing thought that although one may have no worldly possessions worth mentioning, in reality, the splendid parks are ours—mine, in fact. Here am I, an Englishman, wandering over my own magnificent estate, and nobody can say anything——"

Park-keeper (suddenly): "Come off that grass, d'yer 'ear, or I'll turn you out!"

"What's his offence, sergeant?" inquired the captain, coldly viewing the private under escort.

"He's a very troublesome fellow, sir. Got too much lip; goes out without leave, comes back when he likes, and gets drunk when he likes—just as if he was a officer."

DID THE DOG KNOW?

The Frenchman did not like the look of the barking dog barring his way.

"It's all right," said his host; "don't you know the proverb, 'Barking dogs don't bite'?"

"Ah, yes," said the Frenchman, "I know ze proverbe, you know ze proverbe? but ze dog—does he know ze proverbe?"

"What kind of a season are we going to have Uncle?"

"Well, it's very hard to say, my boy. You know it depends a lot on the weather."

Two holiday-makers returning from the seaside decided to try some city humour upon the old porter of a little railway-station.

"When does the 3.49 train get in?" asked one.

The old man regarded him seriously, and at length: "Well," said he, "she generally gets in just a little behind the engine."

SPRINTING ROUND THE GLOBE.

A New York evening paper has started a reporter round the world in an attempt to break the present record of 39 days, 19 hours, and 43 minutes, made two years ago. He expects to knock nearly four days off that record.

The time it takes to ring the earth keeps getting rapidly smaller. The first of present-day records was made by the famous writer, George Griffiths, in 1901, in 64½ days. In the same year a Paris newspaper boy cut two days off the record.

In 1907 Colonel Burney-Campbell brought the time down to 40 odd days, the Trans-Siberian Railway (from St. Petersburg to the Pacific) being open by then. He was nearly seventy when he made this record sprint round the globe.

The most tragic event in the history of globe-sprinting was when a retired English naval officer set off in 1906 on an attempt to put up new figures. He was known to have reached Yokohama, in Japan, but was never seen or heard of again. His reserved berth on the liner across the Pacific remained unclaimed.

If you "Middle" then you can "Motelet." See the July PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. Now on sale.

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(Pronounced "EX-O-LENT")

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BANISHES ERUPTIONS, HEALS CUTS AND SORES

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ASTONISHING SUCCESS ACHIEVED BY ECSŌLENT COMPOUND

IRRITATION ALLAYED

Mr. J. W. THOMPSON writes: "49 Ambleside Drive, Southend-on-Sea, March 3, 1913.—Having given your Ecsōlent Compound a month's fair trial, I cannot speak too highly of it. I have suffered from weeping eczema since May, 1912, and after three days' treatment with Ecsōlent Compound and Powder the burning sensation totally disappeared, the irritation was allayed, and the flesh resumed its normal appearance. I find Ecsōlent Soap extremely soothing, and dare not wash with any other without smarting for it. I shall always recommend such a grand remedy."

COMPLETE RELIEF

Mr. A. T. WILLATS writes: "225 New Cross Road, London, S.E., April 3, 1913. —I feel it my duty to tell you that for nearly twenty years I have suffered with Eczema, and during the last few years the irritation had become very severe. I have tried several lotions, etc., without any success. I tried Ecsōlent Compound, which has given me complete relief. I have not written before because I thought the Eczema might break out again, but it has not done so, and I must congratulate you upon this wonderful Ecsōlent Compound."

RESULT MARVELLOUS

Mr. W. HOBBS writes: "55 Alexandra St., Kettering, March 13, 1913.—For the past twelve years I have suffered dreadfully with Eczema. I have gone to considerable expense, and have tried ointments and lotions of all kinds without any avail. I purchased Ecsōlent Compound. The result has been simply marvellous. I have used six jars, with the result that my leg is now quite well. I do a great deal of walking, and you may therefore be sure how thankful I am for so successful a remedy as Ecsōlent Compound. You are at liberty to publish this statement for the benefit of others, and I shall certainly recommend Ecsōlent Compound to anyone suffering from Eczema."

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Ecsōlent Powder and Ecsōlent Soap are strongly recommended by the medical profession for the toilet and in the nursery. A well-known London Physician writes that he "has found Ecsōlent Powder and Ecsōlent Soap most excellent. If applied immediately after the bath the drying and soothing effects of the Powder are really wonderful." A coupon enclosed with each jar of Ecsōlent Compound entitles you to free samples of these remarkable preparations.

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DAINTY DISHES.

Egg and Cress Sandwiches.

Hard boil the eggs and rub them through a sieve, season them with salt, pepper, and a squeeze of lemon-juice, and mix to a paste with a little butter. Butter slices of brown bread, spread with the egg mixture, then sprinkle one half with finely chopped cresses, press together, and cut into shapes.

Tinned Salmon and Cucumber Sandwiches.

Cut and butter rounds of bread slightly larger than the slices of cucumber, and sprinkle with a few grains of celery salt. Spread half the rounds with the salmon, chopped and pounded, then put a slice of cucumber on each, and cover with a round of buttered bread.

Spice Cakes.

Shred four and a half ounces of dripping finely and add it to three-quarters of a pound of flour, previously sifted. Mix this with a teaspoonful of baking-powder, three ounces of sugar, half a teaspoonful of mixed spice, and a pinch of ground ginger. Moisten with milk, and form into small cakes. Bake in a moderate oven.

Banana Cakes.

Take four tablespoonfuls of flour and mix it with one tablespoonful of Paisley flour, add a tablespoonful of sugar and a few currants, then work into it two ounces of butter. Beat a good sized banana to a paste, and add, mix well, and cut into small cakes. Bake for fifteen minutes. No water or milk is required, as the moisture from the banana is sufficient to mix the flour into the required stiffness.

A Fruit Salad.

Make a syrup by boiling a pound of sugar with a pint and a half of water. Boil till the liquid is reduced to one pint, then set on one side to cool. Slice a few bananas, apples, and oranges, and add to these a few cherries, strawberries and grapes. Mix together carefully, sift a little powdered sugar over the fruit, then add the syrup and place on a cool shelf till required.

Veal Mould.

Take a pound of lean veal and a quarter of a pound of ham, cut both up and stew gently for forty-five minutes. Prepare a mould by dusting the sides and bottom with chopped parsley and arranging slices of hard-boiled eggs all round. Place the stewed veal and ham in the mould. Dissolve three sheets of gelatine in some stock and pour it into the mould to make the whole nicely jellied when turned out. Garnish with parsley.

Chocolate Mould.

Beat the yolks of two eggs thoroughly, and add them to a pint of milk into which four ounces of chocolate have been grated. Pour into a saucepan, and bring to the boil. Allow to cook, stirring every now and again. When cold, add the yolks of two eggs previously beaten with two ounces of sugar. Mix together, then add the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth and half an ounce of gelatine (previously dissolved). Pour into a mould, and when set turn out.

Three Tasty Supper Dishes for Warm Weather.

Crabs and Tomatoes.

Take half a pound of finely chopped crab meat and mix it with a quarter of a pint of tomato sauce, a quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste, and the thinly pared rind and juice of a quarter of a lemon. Stir the mixture thoroughly and make it hot in the oven. Serve with fried potatoes.

Scalloped Shrimps.

Shell and chop a quart of shrimps and fry with one minced onion in an ounce of butter. Beat the yolk of an egg and add it to half a pint of milk, pour this over the shrimps, add a seasoning of pepper and salt and a little chopped parsley. Stir over the fire for a few minutes but do not allow to boil. Then pour the mixture into saucers or scallop shells and cover with fine breadcrumbs. Bake in the oven till lightly browned.

Potato Mould.

Boil one pound of floury potatoes, and rub them through a sieve into a large basin. While still hot, work into them the beaten yolks of four eggs and an ounce of grated Parmesan cheese. Season with pepper. Melt two ounces of butter and stir into the potatoes, add two ounces of finely-chopped ham and the whisked whites of the four eggs. Mix thoroughly, and put into a buttered pudding mould, but do not fill to the brim. Tie a piece of paper over the mould, and bake in the oven for twenty-five minutes.

Some Seaside Beauty Lessons

How the Fortnight's Annual Holiday Can be Employed to Improve the Complexion and Figure.

By MADEMOISELLE "JEANNETTE,"
The Parisian Beauty Specialist.

THESE are busy days, and, once started on her career in life, few girls have much time to devote to beauty culture. Work, and a certain amount of recreation, which is necessary to keep one fit, occupy all one's time and, except for quite ordinary attention, the business girl often leaves her complexion to take care of itself, realising her mistake later on when she finds herself old-looking and wrinkled at thirty or even less.

"I have neither time nor money for such luxuries as massage and creams," many a business girl will say, overlooking the fact that in her fortnight's holiday she can do a very great deal towards repairing any blemishes to her complexion, while even two weeks' suitable exercises will do much to improve her figure.

The Girl with the Muddy Complexion

and dull eyes will not need to take any creams or lotions away with her for her beauty treatment. The two finest cosmetics she can use will be at hand—rain-water and buttermilk. Let her discard the use of soap for the time being, and use instead a paste made by mixing a little fine oatmeal with rain-water. Then, after drying the skin, she should rub in a little buttermilk, working it well into the pores of the skin with the tips of the fingers.

The buttermilk should also be rubbed on the throat, for now that collarless blouses are so fashionable a pretty white neck is absolutely necessary to the girl who wishes to look her best.

The buttermilk treatment should be given night and morning, and a little oatmeal powder dusted on the skin afterwards. A little fruit should be eaten before breakfast and a glass of hot water, into which the juice of a lemon has been squeezed (but without sugar), sipped slowly the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. This has a wonderful effect in clearing a muddy skin.

For the Girl who Freckles.

No one objects very much to returning from a holiday a little sunburnt, but to be covered with freckles is rather a trial.

Tan disappears without any trouble after a few weeks, but freckles are sometimes very difficult to remove, and so should be prevented if possible. To prevent them from forming, a lotion should be applied to the face, neck, and, if necessary, hands. This lotion is quite inexpensive, and any reader who would like the recipe can have it by sending a stamped addressed envelope.

To Improve the Figure.

Deep breathing is the foundation of all figure culture. Golf, hockey, and tennis are all a help towards physical perfection, but they only assist and are not (as so many people imagine) the sole cause.

The business girl may be debarred through lack of time or money from indulging in sports, but she can attain to the same physical perfection as those who are more fortunate if she will regularly practise deep breathing.

Begin when on holiday. Practise taking two or three deep breaths several times a day, and before your holiday is over you will realise that you are increasing your vitality, filling out the hollows in the neck, and enlarging your chest measurement.

A Hint About Sea Bathing.

A seaside holiday would be incomplete without the bathing and swimming which is often its chief attraction, but the girl with a delicate skin must remember to remove all traces of the salt water from her face by sponging it with clear soft water, or her complexion will become red and blotchy.

A waterproof cap should always be worn, and should by any chance the hair become wet with salt water it must be washed in clear immediately. Sea water allowed to dry on the hair spoils the colour and makes it harsh and coarse whether it be dark or fair.

(*Mademoiselle "Jeannette" will be pleased to answer questions on toilet matters, and any reader who would like advice on a course of beauty culture during her holidays should write, inclosing stamped addressed envelope for reply.*)

HOME AND HOLIDAY HINTS.

To Protect Fruit-laden Trees from Wasps,

Fill some empty jam-jars with water, add a little sweet syrup and place under the trees.

Should a Child Fall on the Beach or Elsewhere,

A rag steeped in raw egg and placed on the bruise will ease the pain almost immediately.

To Keep Mosquitoes at a Distance.

Dissolve a small piece of alum in water and sponge the face and hands with it and allow to dry. You will not be troubled with mosquitoes.

During Hot Weather

Small bags of muslin filled with charcoal should be hung in the pantry on either side of the meat. This will keep it fresh in the hottest weather.

Take a Lemon When Going on Holiday.

When No Boot Polish

Is at hand a few drops of lemon juice will give a brilliant polish to black or brown boots and shoes.

A Little Fresh Lemon Juice

Will allay the irritation caused by the sting of insects.

When the Feet Ache

Through walking in the heat, rub them with a mixture of lemon-juice and alcohol thoroughly blended.

Three Hints on Washing Up.

Add Borax

Or powdered soap to the washing water for plates, instead of soda. These do not injure the skin as the latter does.

When Washing Glassware

Add a little ammonia. This makes the glass clear and easily polished.

Always Have Two

Bowls of water, one hot for washing, one cold for rinsing. This saves both time and trouble.

To Banish Flies from the Sitting-room—

Mix together half a teaspoonful of black pepper with a teaspoonful of brown sugar and a tablespoonful of condensed milk. Place in a saucer in the room and the flies will disappear.

—And from the Pantry

Soak some pieces of blotting paper with a mixture of equal parts of oil of pennyroyal and eucalyptus and place in different parts of the pantry. No flies will enter.

To Keep Butter Cool,

Dissolve a little saltpetre in cold water, put this in a large bowl and stand the basin containing the butter in it, allowing the water to reach nearly to the top of the butter bowl. Cover the small bowl with a piece of muslin placing the ends to rest in the saltpetre water. This will keep it as cool as if placed on ice.

FOR THE SEASIDE ONLY.

THIS is the time of year when everybody is off to the seaside, and mother is up to her eyes in work making suitable clothes for the beach. The children spoil all their garments paddling, unless they are provided with a proper pair of paddlers apiece. A really splendid pattern for these can be obtained free in return for a coupon in this week's HOME NOTES, which also contains a lesson by the Little Dressmaker telling how to make the paddlers. Nor is this all, for the self-same coupon also entitles you to a pattern of a delightful seaside cap for old and young, which can be made up in no time and will wash like a rag.

OATINE SOAP FREE.

In these days many of the blemishes and disfigurements of the complexion are simply the result of using bad soap, which has a most injurious effect upon the skin. Good soaps leave the skin clear and soft, particularly Oatine Soap, which possesses healing and cleansing properties unprovided by any other soap.

If there are any readers of this paper who have not tried it and would like to do so, the Proprietors will send a 3d. tablet free to all sending 3d. in ½d. stamps for the Oatine Sample Outfit, which contains a sample of Oatine Cream, Snow, Salve, Face Powder, Tooth Powder, Shaving Powder, a full-size 2d. Shampoo Powder; also the free 3d. tablet of Oatine Soap.

Address the Oatine Co., 189D, Oatine Buildings, Boro', London, S.E.

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MOUSTACHES FORCED on smoothest face. Trial supply 7d. Immediate results. Particulars 1d. stamp.—Spa Chemical 108 Co., 19 Bride Lane, London.

MONEY-MAKING.—To make money you should send post-card immediately for free particulars of our Novel Scheme. Remarkably successful methods with guaranteed profits.—Send now to Green & Co., 17 Church Lane, Hull.

EVERYTHING SENT PRIVATELY on approval, then if satisfied you keep the goods and pay monthly. Clothing, Rings, Bracelets, Watches, Gramophones, Cycles. Lists Free. State requirements.—Dept. 22, L. & P. Stores, Colebrook House, Finsbury Park, London, N.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED.—Specialist offers genuine recipe; 7 stamps.—H. Arthur, 10 Finboro Road, Tooting.

HANDSOME MEN are slightly sunburnt. "Sunbronze" gives this tint, indetectable, harmless, genuine, 1/1½.—Sunbronze Laboratories, Malden, Surrey.

YOU CAN EARN 1/- an hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply K., 89 Aldersgate Street, London.

MENTAL PERFECTION POSSIBLE FOR ALL.—"How to Strengthen Mind and Memory" is a sound manual of mental science by an expert. Post free, 7d. No further outlay.—Francis & Co., Kenwyn House, Cosmeston Street, Cardiff.

CHEAPEST HOUSE IN ENGLAND FOR DEALERS.—Ladies' Overalls, 9/6 dozen; Men's Caps, Ties, Socks, 2/9 dozen; Tablecloths, 11d. each; Dress Lengths, 2/6 each. Rents by Weight. Write for Catalogue.—Cochrane's Stock Co., Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

BOOTS.—Save nearly 50% buying from Factory direct. AGENTS WANTED. Write for list, particulars, British Boot Co. (54), Portland Square, Bristol.

FACE JOY is always experienced when the face has been gently massaged with Peach-Bloom, the beautifying skin food that cleanses the pores and imparts to the face the redolence of Oriental flowers. Indispensable for relieving sunburn, redness, dry skin, roughness, and general skin irritation. One month's convincing trial, post free for 7½d.—Peach-Bloom Co., 4 Richinson Road, Sunhead, London.

A CLEVER IDEA!—For glossy linen and easy ironing, use "REDFORD'S 'PIGTAIL' BRAND." Sample for post-card.—E. Redford's, Liverpool, E.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—One cannot hold one's own in life's battle if weak, worn, or easily jaded. Periodical attacks of moodiness, languor, despondency, depression, and groundless fears mean nerve troubles. Those so afflicted should drop a Post card to the Useful Knowledge Publishing Co., P.O. Box 94, Bradford, when a little book on this subject will be sent free of any charge whatever. A little knowledge saves much medicine.

FUN FOR SIXPENCE.—Ventriloquist's Double Throat; fits roof of mouth, always invisible, astonishes and mystifies; sing like a canary, whine like a puppy, and imitate birds and beasts. 6d. each, four for 1/-.—Sydney Benson (Dept. T), 239 Pentonville Rd., London, N.

CEREBRAL EXHAUSTION, any age. Discovered simple speedy cure. No medicine or electricity. Stamped envelope.—Research Co., 131 St. Domingo Road, Liverpool.

SAFETY RAZORS REGROUND, 1d. each, post free. Gillette, Clemak, Auto-Strop, Ever Ready, etc.; made equal new or cash cheerfully refunded.—Wafer Blade Co., 12 Eltbank Road, Eltham, London, S.E.

WORK PEOPLE.—Back Ache Cure, 6d.—Broomfield, Tadcaster.

CYCLE COVERS, guaranteed, 3/3; Tubes, 2/2. Cycles, accessories, lists.—Gorton, Wolverhampton.

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operating the NEW MODEL COMBINATION CAMERA. It takes and instantly develops eleven entirely different styles of pictures, including two sizes and four styles PAPER POST CARDS, six styles of Tlatype Pictures, and Brooch Pictures. Requires no experience whatever. Everybody wants pictures. Five hundred per cent. profit. THE WORLD'S BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER. Small investment secures complete outfit, including Camera, Tripod, and material for 150 pictures. Make money the first day no matter where you live or what you are doing. Detailed information free, including letters from prosperous operators everywhere.

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THE PUREST BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER THE STRONGEST

Sample tin of Lino Polish post free.

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our showroom in Linoland will convince you why Li-nola is so popular. No other floor covering is made in so many patterns and colour schemes, and the result is that every kind of room and everybody's taste can be perfectly suited. The biggest stock of durable floor coverings in the world is displayed in this store, and because of the largeness of the business done, prices are exceedingly low. Give us a call if you possibly can. But if you cannot call let us send you a free book of coloured designs and samples of quality; this will help you to buy quite well and easily wherever you may live. We sell on Easy Terms or allow 2/- in the £ for cash. We pay carriage to your door. For your next floor covering buy

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Do your duty to your skin, and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boot's Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows', at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; or post free in plain wrapper, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also in India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, and Europe.

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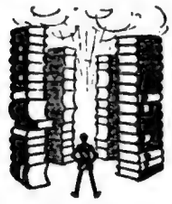


Columns of Information

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER.

I AND my staff have been very busy these last few weeks assembling the various parts which will go to make up our August Bank Holiday Number. It will be an ideal Summer Number—full of bright, easy-to-read stories, and crisp, topical articles. A new serial story will start by one of your favourite authors, and there is a big surprise awaiting you in the form of a new series of stories. A point to be remembered is that, as our usual publishing day, Monday, will be Bank Holiday, the paper will be ready for you at all newsagents' on the previous Friday morning.

A WEDDING CHEQUE.

JOYOUS has chosen an appropriate pen name, "For," says the joyful one, "I am going to be married early in August. Already wedding presents are being discussed and my sweetheart's father is going to give me a cheque on the happy occasion.

"Now my prospective father-in-law is in a difficulty, and though he has asked me to get him out of it I am unable to do so. The difficulty is this: Should the cheque be made payable to MRS. JOYOUS, or should it be made out in her maiden name? If the latter, how is she to cash it when she is married and a miss no longer?"——

You are young, yet, JOYOUS; but when you have reached the age of your old editor, you will realise that the most important thing about a cheque is that it is made out at all! In your case it doesn't much matter whether it is made payable to the lady in her married name or her maiden name. All she has got to do is to endorse it in whichever name is used. I am sending you a little wedding present, JOYOUS, that cuts cake splendidly!

A SPOKE IN HIS WHEEL.

THE origins of common expressions are always interesting, and often the original meaning is entirely changed by the lapse of time. Such an expression seems to be "To put a spoke in one's wheel," about which CYCLIST inquires. "I fail to understand," he writes, "why 'to put a spoke in anyone's wheel' means to hurt him in some way or other. I should have thought it would have meant exactly the opposite, for putting a spoke in the average wheel strengthens it instead of weakening it."——

Quite true, CYCLIST; but the spoke in the saying has nothing to do with the ordinary spoke of a wheel. The expression comes from the time when solid wheels were used and the driver of a cart had a pin or "spoke" as it was called, which he put into one of three holes made to receive it, to skid the cart when going down hill. That helped to retard the progress of the cart just as "putting a spoke (or pin) in one's wheel" is supposed to retard or spoil one's chances.

ARMY RANKS.

RECRUIT is worried over the names of certain officers in the Army. "Now I have joined the Territorials," he writes, "I take a keen interest in all Army matters. But I can't understand why a lieutenant-general is of higher rank than a major-general, since a major is the superior officer of a lieutenant. Can you explain this for me?"——

Your difficulty has puzzled a good many people, RECRUIT. The rank of major-general is really a survival from the days of Charles I. and Cromwell. The real rank was sergeant-major-general, but the sergeant was dropped in the course of time. As a sergeant-major was inferior in rank to a lieutenant, so was a sergeant-major-general below the rank of a lieutenant-general. Next please!

THE ETIQUETTE OF CALLS.

NEW-COMER has just moved into a small town to which he is a total stranger. "There are not many houses in our district, which has only just come into the hands of the builder," he writes. "Being a stranger here I know no one, and over this fact I have had an argument with my wife. She says that it is our business to call upon our neighbours, while I argue that they should call upon us and make us welcome to our new locality. As neither of us will give way, and as there are sundry small articles of clothing in the way of ties and gloves hanging on the question, we have decided to leave the question to you!"——

Then you get the tie or ties, NEW-COMER, as well as one of our famous penknives. It is always the place of old inhabitants to welcome new arrivals in a district. When the new-comers are your next-door neighbours it is correct etiquette to call while they are moving in and offer them a cup of tea. Probably all their cooking utensils are packed up, and such an action puts you on a friendly footing straight away.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

LOVER'S question is short and sweet. I hope that the answer he receives when he pops the fatal question is shorter and sweeter. "When is the proper time to propose?" he asks.——

I shouldn't worry very much about the time for asking the great question, LOVER. Young ladies have a way of settling that for themselves, and you will find that the right moment is just when she wishes you to do so! She's probably perfectly well aware that you love her and is coyly delaying the right moment as long as she can. When she decides in her own mind that you have waited long enough, she will be sitting on a sofa with you, or strolling through the leafy lanes and listening to your pleading tones before you can say "Jack Robinson." The funny part about the whole proceeding, too, will be that you will be quite sure in your own mind that you made the opportunity for proposing!

EARLY LOVE AFFAIRS.

"I HAVE just come back from my honeymoon," writes LOVE TIED, "and, needless to say, I am as happy as the day is long. My first visit to the club, however, has raised a question which can only be settled by the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*, as an interested outsider. Briefly, before I was married I had the reputation of being a flirt, and some of my pals began chipping me about my old love affairs, and asking if I had told the wife about them. I argue that there is no reason why I should tell my wife, while they argue that husband and wife should have no secrets from one another. What is your argument?"——

Well, LOVE TIED, in a way, being a bit of a diplomatist, I agree with both sides. Your friends are quite right in saying that husband and wife should have no secrets from one another, *after marriage*. I don't think, however, that it is absolutely necessary that each should lay bare every secret of their life from youth up. To tell your wife your previous love affairs can do no good whatever. When any little tiff comes along there is always the likelihood of the taunt, "It's a pity you didn't marry Gladys!" Taunts like that stick, so it is better not to provide the material for them.

THE KING'S SISTER AND THE F.A.F.

YOU will be interested to hear that the Princess Royal has sent a subscription to the Fresh Air Fund.

For many years the King, who is Patron of the fund, has sent a generous annual subscription, and it is exceedingly gratifying to be able now to add the name of his sister to our list of Royal subscribers.

A LOST FRIEND.

THANKS to the generosity of our Colonial readers thousands of poor children are sent away to the country and to the seaside every year. From South Africa, in particular, the Fresh Air Fund has received large sums every year, so it is with the deepest regret that we chronicle the death of Mr. J. H. Black, at Durban, recently. Both Mr. Black and his wife were keen workers on behalf of the children, and each year collected substantial amounts. His death is rendered all the more sad because Mrs. Black and her little son were spending a holiday in London at the time.

F.A.F. SPECIAL DAYS.

HAVE you sent a subscription to the Fresh Air Fund yet? If you only send 9d. some slum kiddie will have the day of his life. If you can manage to collect £8 2s. 200 children will go to the country for a day. As you know, the sum of £8 2s. pays for one day's outing with the Fresh Air Fund for a complete party of 200 children, together with adults to look after them. Any reader sending this amount, either individually or as the result of a collection, is entitled to have the party of 200 named in any manner he or she wishes. The following is a list of coming "Parties":—

July 12th, *The Puzzle Box* party (Cardiff); July 14th, *Cissy's* party; July 15th, *President Poincaré* day; July 16th, *President Poincaré* day; July 17th, *In memory of S.G.W.* (*H. Court*); July 22nd, *Mrs. Mena Le Bert Taylor's* day; July 23rd, *Messrs. S. Butcher & Sons'* day; July 23rd, *Wannans Marine Engineering Academy* party.

RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 73.

The First Prize of £3 a Week for Two Years has been awarded to:

WALTER BOOTH, 37 Byelands St., Grove Hill, Middlesbrough, for the "Middle":

"SUMMER GIRL"—MANAGES WITHOUT MISTLETOE.

The second prize of £40 has been awarded to:

HENRY BISHOP, 1 Bonsor Rd., Folkestone, for the "Middle":

"WHITEWASH PAIL"—PUPPY CONTRACTED "DISTEMPER."

The third prize of £20 has been awarded to:

FRANK PAUL, 34 Park Lane, Norwich, Norfolk, for the "Middle":

"COCKSURE"—CHORUS-GIRL ORDERS CORONET.

The fourth prize of £10 has been awarded to:

G. D. GAUL, 71 Fielding Road, Chiswick, for the "Middle":

"POWDER PUFF"—FIREWORK MAKER'S CATALOGUE.

The fifth prize of £10 has been awarded to:

WILLIAM HENRY J. HURST, Health Department, Southampton, for the "Middle":

"GOOD RIDDANCE"—GNAT LEAVING EYE.

The sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth prizes of £5 each have been awarded to:

S. G. N. PUGSLEY, 80 Durnford St., Stonehouse, Devon; J. T. COLEGATE, 47 Boundary Rd., Chatham; FRANK STOKES, 20 Warrent Rd., Chingford; LILY BREAKWELL, 255 Pershere Rd., Selly Park, Birmingham.

300 PRIZES OF 5/-

Ach, C. M., 120 Burrage Rd., Woolwich, S.E.; Adams, F., 97 Emys Rd., Eastbourne; Alcerlind, G., Aughnadloy, Co. Tyrone; Allen, E., 80 Arundel Rd., Gt. Yarmouth; Ab[illegible] W., 6 Cyril St., Northampton; Ambrose, J., Caledon, Wh[illegible] Rd., Anerley, S.E.; Arbuckle, W., 1 Crown St., Leith; Ar[illegible] bald, T., 9, Mentone Ave., Portobello; Arthur, O., P[illegible] drome Hall, Rhoallanerchrugog, N. Wales; Ashmol, W., [illegible] 11 Tantallon Rd., Balham, S.W.; Atkinson, Jessie, 10 [illegible] Hills Rd., Edinburgh; Atkinson, J., The Haven, Ta[illegible] Atkinson, W., Cadby Villa, Ockbrook, Derby; Bailey, [illegible] ingham, near Dartford; Baker, J. H., County Mental Hos[illegible] near Leek; Barfoot, F., 146A Hills Rd., Cambridge; Ba[illegible] F., 58, Tivoli Pl., Bradford; Bartlett, C., Stanley Villa [illegible] St., Downton, Wilts; Bates, J., Harrow Cott., Malvern, W[illegible] Baty, T., 1 Oak Cotts., Enfield Rd., Southgate, N.; [illegible] J. H., Curzon St., Maryport; Becks, W. H., Rothwell, [illegible] ampton; Bishop, P. H., 16, Queensbury St., Islington; [illegible] Blackmore, A., Shillington, Hitchin; Booth, Hilda, Doc[illegible] Café, Rosedale; Boss, J.W., 40 Main Rd., Glasgow; [illegible] worth; Brandrick, L., 97 Washway Rd., Brooklands, Ches[illegible] Brooke, G., 56 Colum Rd., Cardiff; Brough, T. R., Hu[illegible] Lincs; Brown, H., 65 Warley Rd., Brentwood; Brown, J. C., [illegible] Cromartie Ave., Newlands, Glasgow; Bull, Mrs A., Q[illegible] Hotel, Burley, Hants; Bullivant, E., 333 Albert Rd., A[illegible] Birmingham; Burgess, A., 124 Annfield St., Dennistoun, Gl[illegible] gow; Burton, S., 42 Mount St., Southport; Byerley, M., [illegible] South St., Greenwich, S.E.; Cairns, Rosina, 5 Chapman St., Crosshill, Glasgow; Cameron, J., 5 Cleveland Rd., North Shields; Capper, W. R., Dorset Farm, Shrewsbury; Carswell, A. M., 7 Stanley St., Blyth; Chanter, L. W., 43 Chinarthill Rd., Ruthergien; Charter, C., 344 Beverley Rd., Hull; Chapman, C., Ferndale Rd., Walton-on-Hill, near Epsom; Charlton, H., 186, Shrewsbury St., Manchester; Cheatle, C. H., 9 Engine Lane, Beggarlee, Newthorpe; Christian, Miss E., 91 Huskisson St., Liverpool; Christian, F. P., Tynedale, Peterborough Rd., Leyton; Clachrie, G., Balmaclellan, Kirkcudbrightshire; Clark, J. F., 9 Yarmouth Rd., Watford; Clarke, R. E., 5 Knight Rd., Silvertown, E.; Claydon, Mrs F., 13 Clements Lane, Haverhill; Clayton, A., 192 Manchester St., Oldham; Cox, W. V., 12 The Burraw, Sutton, Co. Dublin; Crabtree, Mrs. M., 2 Titchfield St., Barrow-in-Furness; Crean, A. I., 23 Suffolk St., Dublin; Collyer, G., Norman Rd., Ripley, Derby; Cook, Marian, 32 Highfield, Scarborough; Cooke, A., 2 St. James' St., S.W.; Cooke, A. B., 48 Kelly St., Greenock; Corduroy, W. A., [illegible] Katherine Rd., East Ham; Corner, E. P., Maryhill, Glasgow; Cowen, C., 227 Beverley Rd., Hull; Cox, Mrs. M., Park Lodge, Falfield, Glos.; Crates, S., Russell Rd., Fishponds, Bristol; Cros, F., 14 Horbury Cres., Notting Hill Gate, W.; Crystal, D., 39 Manse Rd., Motherwell; Cullis, T. D., 17 Earon Gr., Swansea; Cutmore, Mrs. H. G., 8 North St., Sudbury, Suffolk; Daniel, G. H., 7 Highfield, Northwich; Davie, R. M., 15 Pl[illegible] lands Tce., Edinburgh; Davis, A. G., 1A Woodfield Cres., Ka[illegible] derminster; Davis, H., 3 Rotherfield Ave., Hastings; Dawe, E., 1 Mildred Ae., Boreham Wood, Herts; Dear, D., 221 Pa[illegible] Rd., W. Glasgow; Dinnie, D., 13 Lochend Rd., W. Edinburgh; Dixon, H., 226 Mount Pleasant Rd., Tottenham, N.; Dolbe[illegible] G. W., Basford Park, Stoke-on-Trent; Dormer, J. M., Gro[illegible] hurst, Kent; Dowbiggin, Mrs., Farringford, Lancaster; Dou[illegible] C., 4 Charles St., Leigh; Duncan, J., Bogsmills, Slateford, Mid-Lothian; Dunstan, Mrs. A., Ibstock, Leicester; Durant, P., 88 Holmlea Rd., Glasgow; Edwards, Mrs. A., Poetmellick, Mevagissey, Cornwall; Edwards, F., St. Aubyn's, Rottingdean, Sussex; Ellis, J., 17 Foxgrove Rd., Beckenham; England, [illegible] 17 Angus St., Troedyrhiw, Glam.; Ernst, E. J., 37 Norfolk Sq., Holland Pk. Ave., W.; Erskine, D., 21 Fettes Row, Edinburgh; Fairie, J. A., 11, Burnbank Tce., Lenzie, Glasgow; Fleming, D., 3 Hill View Villas, George Lane, N.E.; Forr[illegible] A., 61 Alwinton Tce., Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Fo[illegible] G. W., 96 Harford St., Middlesbrough; Fosse, E. A., 33 Marsden St., Woodhouse, Sheffield; Fox, C., 24 Chesthunter Rd., Fairlo[illegible] ship Lane, Tottenham; Fox, S., 32 Cambray, Cheltenham; Freeman, E. L., 84 King's Rd., Evesham; Freeth, C. W., 7 and 8 Station Rd., Stratton; Gates, B., 12 Elphick Rd., Newhaven; Gellatly, T. F., 22 Melbourne Pl., St. Andrews; Gi[illegible] Mrs. J., 72 Clevedon Rd., Weston-super-Mare; Gifford, J., Town Clerk's Office, Aberavon; Gillespy, W., 45 Inglemere Rd., Rock Ferry, Cheshire; Girling, G. P., Hannavale, Portadown, Co. Armagh; Goodale, Mrs. E., Oatlands, Woodland Pl., Paignton; Goodman, D., 54 West End Lane, N.W.; Goodfellow, R. A., Royal Ave., Scarborough; Gorst, R., 72 Gowan [illegible] Lancaster; Graham, J. A., 39 Havelock St., Downhill; Gr[illegible] I., 23 Alexandra Rd., Weymouth; Greenway, Mrs. E., [illegible] Foleshill Rd., Coventry; Hale, F. H., 74 Kyrle Rd., West [illegible] Clapham Common, S.W.; Hall, C. A., 3 Manley Tce., Lis[illegible] Hall, E. J., Bank Cres., Ledbury; Hall, W., 2 Sunnyside [illegible] Outwood; Hamblin, E. H., Chapel Ash, Wolverhampton; Ha[illegible] merton, B., 28 Broadway, St. Margaret's, S.W.; Hanna[illegible] Mrs. M., 2 May St., W. Kensington, S.W.; Hardcastle, H., 309 Western Bank, Sheffield; Hardman, C., 38 Kelso Rd., [illegible] field, Liverpool; Harries, G. E., Woodbourne, Rein Rd., Sh[illegible] Hartley, F., 20 Edinburgh Pl., Leeds; Hawley, Hannah, College St., Long Eaton; Haworth, J., 2 Newton Tce., Hebb[illegible] on-Tyne; Haywood, W., The Laurels, Leigh Sinton Rd., [illegible] vern; Heap, I. H., 34, Cheapside, Hanley; Heatley, G., Heather Rd., Small Heath, Birmingham; Hicks, G., 47 Ely[illegible] ton St., Plymouth; Hines, W. P., 47 Tennyson Rd., Birm[illegible] ham; Hiscock, W., Constitutional Club, Cecil St., Man[illegible] Hitherscy, H., 14 Portland St., Manchester; Hodges, T., [illegible] Union St., Plymouth; Hodgson, R., 47 Surtees St., B[illegible] Auckland; Hodson, C., 51 Derby Rd., Burton-on-Trent; Ho[illegible] J., 30 Devonshire St., Hr. Broughton; Hogg, J., Cooper's Bldgs., Halfway, Cambuslang; Holmes, Miss H., 48 Kings [illegible] Sedgley; Home, J., 54 Eyre Pl., Edinburgh; Honkins, [illegible] Murillo Rd., Lee, S.E.; Horan, J., 77 Bower Rd., Sheffield.

(300 competitors in all have received Five Shilling Prizes, but lack of space prevents our printing all their names and addresses.)

A motor-car is given away in a simple competition in the July PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

A WONDERFUL BARGAIN.

A 3 GUINEA SOLID GOLD WRISTLET WATCH FOR £1

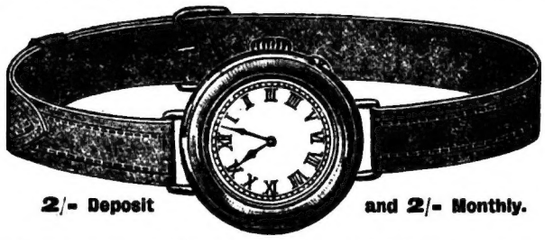
Sent Post Paid for 2/- Deposit Only. To all Approved Customers.

The Balance Payable at 2/- Per Month, After Receipt of the Watch.

FOR SEVEN DAYS MORE ONLY.

THE BRITISH SUPPLY STORES, the noted merchants of **CANNON STREET, MANCHESTER,** have decided to place before the public a limited number of their **Three Guinea 9-ct. Gold Wristlet Watches,** at the special advertising price of **£1,** and furthermore, in order to advertise their name and goods through the Kingdom, and also to enable everyone to come into possession of these beautiful Watches, **THE BRITISH SUPPLY STORES** will send same post paid and insured, to any part of the world, to all approved customers, upon the **First Payment of 2/-,** the balance of **16/- may be paid by instalments of 2/- per Month, after receipt of the Watch.**

This offer should prove our confidence that you will be satisfied with this great bargain, as we allow you to enjoy the use of this splendid Watch whilst paying for same by small instalments.



2/- Deposit and 2/- Monthly.

These Watches are beautifully made and finished in **9ct. Real Gold Cases,** Government hall-marked. The movements are fully jewelled and have the latest improvements, ivory dials, gold hands, **splendid timekeepers. A signed warranty** for **ten years** is given with Watch. The straps can be had in any shade of leather. Send your order on the coupon below, enclosing a Postal Order for 2/-, and secure one at once. **We send it carefully packed and insured, post paid to your door.** A handsome present is sent in addition if full cash is remitted.

DO NOT DELAY, SEND YOUR ORDER NOW, as this special offer is only for a limited time, and you may miss the greatest bargain of your lifetime. A number of these Watches will be specially reserved, and the time extended for Foreign and Colonial Orders.

You run no risk with these Watches, as we fully guarantee every Watch to be a splendid timekeeper, and give a **Signed Warranty for 10 Years** We also undertake to refund your cash in full if the Watch is not exactly as represented.

FILL UP THIS COUPON NOW and send at once, together with a Postal Order for 2/-. If the number of Watches we have reserved for advertising is exhausted by the time your order reaches us, we will refund your deposit in full.

P.W. **COUPON** July 26, 1913.

To THE BRITISH SUPPLY STORES,
21 CANNON STREET, MANCHESTER.

Dear Sirs,—I wish to avail myself of your special offer, and herewith enclose a deposit for 2/- for one Gold Wristlet Watch as advertised. I promise to pay the balance of 18/- by regular instalments of 2/- per month, the Watch to be sent post paid and insured to the address below.

NAME .....

ADDRESS (in full) .....

.....

The coupon may be copied and the order given on a sheet of plain paper, but please mention "Pearson's Weekly."

PATRONISED BY H.M. THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, 26/7/13.

On receipt of P.O. for **5/6** we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our **PRUDENTIAL REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN REVERSIBLE HALF-GUINEA**

suitable for Drawing-Room, Dining-Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered in 30 different Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with **FREE RUG,** thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits.

OVER 400,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send TWO CARPETS & TWO RUGS for **10/6**

Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

NEW DESIGNS.

Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm.

67 Lewin Rd., Streatham Com., S.W., May 16th. **TESTIMONIALS.** Mrs. Margary writes:—"Will be obliged by Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons, Leeds, sending her another Prudential Brusselette Carpet, size 10½ ft. by 12 ft. Cheque enclosed, 11/6." Mrs. Margary states: "I have had several of these carpets during the last **sixteen years,** and have been very well pleased with them."

178 Belvir Road, Coalville, Leicester, May 4th. H. Cox, Esq., writes: "Please send me two of your Prudential Brusselette Carpets and Rugs, amount 10/6 enclosed. The last we had from you has been in wear **twelve years.**"

Galaxy Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Embroidered Linen, and Cotton Bedspreads, Quilts, Table Linens, Bedsteads, Overmantels, Linoleums, Blankets, Curtains, &c., Post Free, if when writing you mention *Pearson's Weekly* 26/7/13. Address—

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.) Manufacturers, Importers and Merchants, **WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.**

The Graves System of Business ensures absolute satisfaction. Every order is executed on the distinct understanding that unless you are entirely satisfied with the goods after examination, we immediately refund your money in full.

GRAVES

We deliver the goods Carriage Paid to approved orders on receipt of a small payment, and allow the fullest approval. If cash is sent within Seven Days of delivery, you have the liberty to deduct 2/- in £ Cash Discount.

GRAVES FOLDING CARS

The 'Wharfedale' Model is constructed with Seamless Tubular Framework, handsomely enamelled. Dark Green or Navy upholstered coverings; 10-inch Wheels with ¾-inch wired-on Tyres; Flexible Springs; Handsome Hood and Apron. Delivered Carriage paid to approved orders for 5/- now, and the balance in nine monthly payments of 5/- if entirely satisfied.

5/- with order

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. Handsome Illustrated List of a full range of Folding Cars free for Post Card. All styles at closely-cut prices, and supplied on Easy Terms or 2/- in the £ Cash Discount

Send Post Card To-day. J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

GRAVES GRAMOPHONE

This Handsome & Powerful Gramophone complete with 10 superb 10in. Disc Record Selections, carriage paid to approved orders for 5/- Now, the Balance in 9 Monthly payments of 5/- if entirely satisfied after examination in your own home. Dark Oak Cabinet with ornamental Panel, Powerful Silent Steel Motor, 10in Seamless Sound Horn, and all the latest improvements.

5/- with order

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. Send Postcard for illustrated Book of High-grade Gramophones. Ask for unparalleled Disc Record Offer. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

CLINCHER TYRES

ON EASY TERMS AT CASH PRICES. All Tyres carry Manufacturers' Guarantee

We supply this world-renowned make of Tyre at rock-bottom cash prices on Easy Terms. Any grade of **'Clincher' Tyres** supplied to approved orders for small payment with order, and the balance to be completed in equal monthly payments if you are entirely satisfied after full examination in your own home.

The 'Clincher' B Motor Cycle Tyre with beaded edge. Cover only.

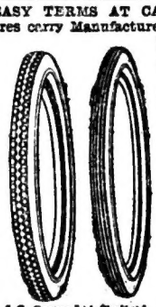
26 x 2	21/-	3/6 Monthly
26 x 2½	27/6	4/7 Monthly

The 'Clincher' A Won Motor Cycle Tyre. Beaded edge. Cover only.

26 x 2	28/3	4/9 Monthly
26 x 2½	31/7	5/3 Monthly
26 x 2¾	36/3	6/- Monthly

The 'Clincher' De Luxe Rubber Studded Non-Skid Motor Cycle Tyre, made with beaded edge only. Single Covers in following sizes:—

26 x 2½	39/-	6/6 Monthly
26 x 2¾ (to fit 2½ rim)	45/6	7/7 Monthly
26 x 2½	47/6	7/11 Monthly



J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

The 'Clincher' Popular Tyre. Wired or Beaded edge, as ordered. Supplied 28 x 1½ only.
Cover and Tube, **11/3** 2/3 Monthly

The 'Clincher' B Tyre. Wired edge. Supplied in all standard sizes.
Cover and Tube, **13/1** 2/8 Monthly
Beaded edge, 3d. extra.

The 'Clincher' A Won Roadster Cycle Tyre, wired or beaded edge as ordered. Supplied in all standard sizes.
Cover and Tube, **27/-** 2/10 Monthly

The 'Clincher' Vacuum Grooved Tyre, with wired or beaded edge, as ordered. Supplied in all standard sizes.
Cover and Tube, **16/-** 3/- Monthly

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. Send a post card to-day for our handsomely illustrated Catalogue of 'Clincher' Cycle and Motor Cycle Tyres, all of which we supply on easy terms at cash prices, from **7/6**

GRAVES SUITS

Made exactly to your measures. Delivered on receipt of small payment.

GRAVES SUITS embody all the essentials of a great tailoring success—good style, good taste, good value; and our convenient Easy Terms enable you to have your suit immediately on receipt of small payment with order, and spread the cost over the next few months.

Write for Patterns. A post card to-day will bring you the finest display of Cloth Samples ever submitted at the price, and these cuttings from the cloth lengths which we are now making up will enable you to judge of the excellence of the materials we are using and the undoubted superiority of design which characterises our cloths & commands the approval of the most fastidious customer. This unrivalled range of Cloth Samples, priced at **32/-** & **42/-** include **Tweeds, Cheviots, Worsted Serges, Plain Black and Blue Vicunas,** and a splendid line in hard-wearing **Yorkshire Suitings.**

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

GRAVES SERVICE OF SHEFFIELD CUTLERY

Delivered Carriage Paid to approved orders for 3/- Now, and Nine Monthly Payments of 3/- if considered entirely satisfactory after full examination in your own home.

The Knives are of genuine Sheffield Steel, of warranted temper and splendid finish. The handles are of Ivory texture Ivorette, and are carefully matched in faithful reproduction of choicest African Ivory. The Spoons and Forks are manufactured from Columbian Silver, which is a hard white metal bearing a super-fine polish indistinguishable from sterling silver, and retains its virgin white lustre under all conditions of wear.

Graves Service Comprises (50 Pieces without Case).

6 TABLE KNS 6 DESSERT KNS
6 TABLE FKS 6 DESSERT FKS
6 TEA SPOONS 6 DESSERT SPS
6 EGG SPOONS 1 SUGR SPOON
2 TABLE SPNS 1 SUGR TONGS
1 SALT SPOON 1 JAM SPOON
PR GENUINE SHEAR STEEL CARVERS
CURVED BLADE, IVORETTE HANDLES

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. We send our Handsomely Illustrated Manufacturer's Catalogue of Genuine Sheffield Cutlery and Electro Plate Post Free.

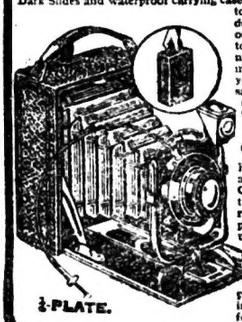
2/- in £ Cash Discount. J. G. Graves Ltd, Sheffield.

GRAVES 'SURBITON' HAND CAMERA.

Folds up to 4½ x 5½ x 2½. The Graves 'Surbiton' ¼-Plate Model. Ebonised polished base board, nickelled fittings, solid leather bellows, solid aluminium cast stirrup shaped lens front, engraved focusing scale from 3 to 25 feet, and infinity, reversible oblong and upright view finder, variable speed shutter that works trigger and antinous release. Beck Neostigmar Anastigmat Lens series III to No. 3, aperture F. 7. (maker's catalogue price of Lens £1 : 17 : 6).

5/- with order

DELIVERED complete with two single Metal Dark Slides and waterproof carrying case carriage paid to approved orders for 5/- with order, balance to be paid in 11 monthly payments of 5/- if you are entirely satisfied after full examination and trial.



¼-PLATE.

Write for Catalogue. Hand, Folding, and Stand Cameras at the keenest rock-bottom prices, from 7/6 up, and all supplied on approval for easy monthly payments or 5/- in £ discount for Cash.

GRAVES CYCLES.

WE DELIVER the Graves 'Speed King' Model de Luxe exactly to specification (Lady's or Gent's) carriage paid to all approved orders, for **10/-** Now, and Easy Monthly Payments after delivery until the account is cleared, if you are entirely delighted & satisfied.

10/- with order

SPECIFICATION REYNOLDS' STEEL TUBING; DUNLOP FIRST GRADE TYRES; PHILLIPS YOKE AND HINGE BRAKES; STURMEY-ARCHER 3-SPEED GEAR; H. REMOLD ROLLER CHAIN; BROOKS PLATED SPRING SADDLE; WILLIAMS CHAIN WHEEL AND CRANKS; HOFFMANNS' STEEL BALLS; DOVER GRIPS AND LEVER TIPS.

CATALOGUE FREE. A Postcard to-day will bring you rer return our handsome Catalogue, which exhibits a full range of Ladies' and Gents' Machines with detailed specifications.

10 Years Warranty

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

THOSE WHO WIN ARE THOSE WHO TRY.

1st PRIZE	2nd PRIZE	3rd PRIZE	4th PRIZE	5th PRIZE
£50	£50	£50	£50	£50

6th PRIZE	7th PRIZE	8th PRIZE	9th PRIZE	10th PRIZE
£10	£10	£10	£10	£10
11th PRIZE	**12th PRIZE**	**13th PRIZE**	**14th PRIZE**	**15th PRIZE**
£5	£5	£5	£5	£5
16th PRIZE	**17th PRIZE**	**18th PRIZE**	**19th PRIZE**	**20th PRIZE**
£5	£5	£5	£5	£5

100 PRIZES OF 10/-

The adjudication of the attempts in the "Middles" competitions is carried out in such a way that the best must win. There is no element of chance. All the forms received undergo a preliminary examination by a staff of competent judges, and those lines which show no merit, or which have in any way contravened the rules of competition, are put aside. The remainder are then carefully read, and those showing the greatest amount of merit are placed before the Editor, who, in consultation with three responsible members of the staff, finally decides the order of merit. This system keeps a staff of adjudicators continually employed.

The method adopted is so thorough and exhaustive that it is quite impossible for any meritorious line to be overlooked. The names and addresses of the competitors are never taken into consideration, and no award is decided arbitrarily by any one opinion. No pains are spared to insure the success of the really best lines.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO.

First of all, choose one of the words or phrases given opposite for "Middles." Then construct a "Middle" of two or three words which shall have some bearing on the chosen word or phrase. The first word of your "Middle" must begin with any one of the letters contained in the word or phrase you choose, and the second and third with any of the letters in the alphabet used either once or twice. For instance, suppose you take the word "SMUGGLER." Use, say, the letter "S" as the initial for the first word and, say, "P" and "D" for the second and third, and we get "SELDOM PAYS DUTY." Or, using the same word "SMUGGLER," we could use the letter "L" as initial for our first word, and, say, "C" for the second word, and we get "LIKES CAVES."

MAKE "MIDDLES" FROM THESE WORDS.

MARTIAL LAW	BULLY	UNION JACK	UPPER TEN	KIDLET
OLIVER TWIST	I WILL	SOME DAY	NEST EGG	STRAW HATS
FICKLE MINDED	AIR GUN	MUTUAL ATTRACTION	GARDEN CITY	WALL-PAPER
SUNDAY GOLF	SMUGGLER	LOYAL LANCASHIRE	BONNIE SCOTLAND	ROYAL TOUR
THE GIGGLES	SECURITY	FUTURE GENERATIONS	WORMWOOD SCRUBS	COSTER KING
SECOND-HAND	FOUNTAIN	BLIGHTED AFFECTIONS	NOT APPRECIATED	HUBBY'S ARRIVES
BANK BLUNDERS	DESPERATE	NATIONAL ANTHEM	ANONYMOUS LETTER	COVENT GARDEN
FATHER'S RAZOR	SPELL-BOUND	HEARTY HANDSHAKE	KING'S PRIZEWINNER	MOTOR MASCOT

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms, or they will be disqualified.
2. Names and addresses must be written in ink in the spaces provided. Typewriting and black lead pencil cannot be accepted.
3. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach it to a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
4. Mark your envelope "Middles No. 76," in the top left-hand corner.
5. All attempts must arrive on or before Tuesday, July [illegible].
6. There are two entry forms; you may use one or both. You may send three "Middles" on each. If you use the [illegible] form it is [illegible]
[illegible] are divided amongst all such competitors by the adjudicators.
9. Other prizes will be awarded by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.
10. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
11. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and to expense will be allowed.
12. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

THE RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 73 APPEARS ON PAGE 142.

Cut across here

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 76.

	WORDS SELECTED.	"MIDDLES."
76	.....	.....
	.....	.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signed ..... [No. of P.O. .....

Address .....

This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.

OVER £13,000 ALREADY PAID

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£2,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING
£100 AEROPLANE

INSURANCE.

(For terms see below.)

506 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID,
including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims** of **£2,000** each—not for one only. **£2,000** specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

£2,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal representatives of **any person** killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was **travelling as a passenger** (including post office servants, railway sorting vans, and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot; This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within seven days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, holding a railway season ticket only, [illegible] by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, [illegible] to any [illegible] or, if [illegible] as a passenger, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any person who meets his death by accident while actually riding an ordinary cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, provided that death occurs within twenty-four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he (or she) shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) shall not at the time be on the aeroplane nor engaged in aeronautics, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "**Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,**" 1906. Issue Nos. 2 and 3.

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